THE BYSTANDER
Vol LXXXVII—No. 1132

AUGUST 12, 1925

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

A CHEERFUL HOLIDAY NUMBER

The BYSTANDER

Spinet
The SUPER CIGARETTE
Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped
20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's
The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe
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2/2 per 2oz.
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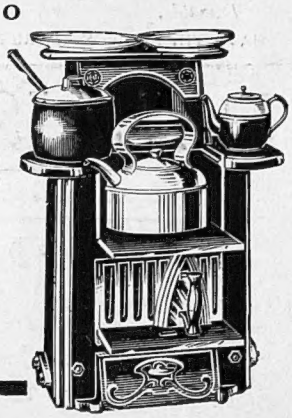

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Modern and Antique, for immediate disposal,

by order of trustees, removed from Cavendish Square, W., Buckingham Palace Mansions and Maidenhead, also remaining items from "Pantia Ralli" collection, the late Rt. Hon. Lord Mount-Stephen, G.C.V.O., and the Agnew Collections. The whole of these magnificent goods to be disposed of regardless of original cost. EVERY DAY 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS. Any item may be selected now and held for delivery till required or delivered Town, Country or Abroad.

DINING-ROOMS, RECEPTION-ROOMS and LIBRARIES in styles of Adam, Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton. Complete sets ranging from 15 guineas up to 1,000 guineas. Special attention is called to a very beautiful set in rich dark mahogany of Queen Anne style, comprising sideboard, extending oval dining-table on shaped legs, and a complete set of dining chairs with carving chairs to match, the whole set being offered at £37, and another complete set of exquisite make of Sheraton style offered at £45. Complete reception-room sets, including Oak Dresser, extending table, and complete set of chairs for 15 guineas. Chesterfield settee with two large Lounge Easy Chairs covered Crocodile grain, with loose cushions, 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak in Elizabethan, James, Charles II., including old Court cupboards, dressers, refectory, and other tables, chairs, stools, old armour, and sporting trophies.

122 BEDROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS, including old four-post beds, tallboy, and other chests, also complete modern suites of excellent make and design. Carved walnut and gilt, black and gold lacquer of Chinese style. Richly painted satinwood, French lacquered, etc., ranging from 10 guineas up to 700 guineas.

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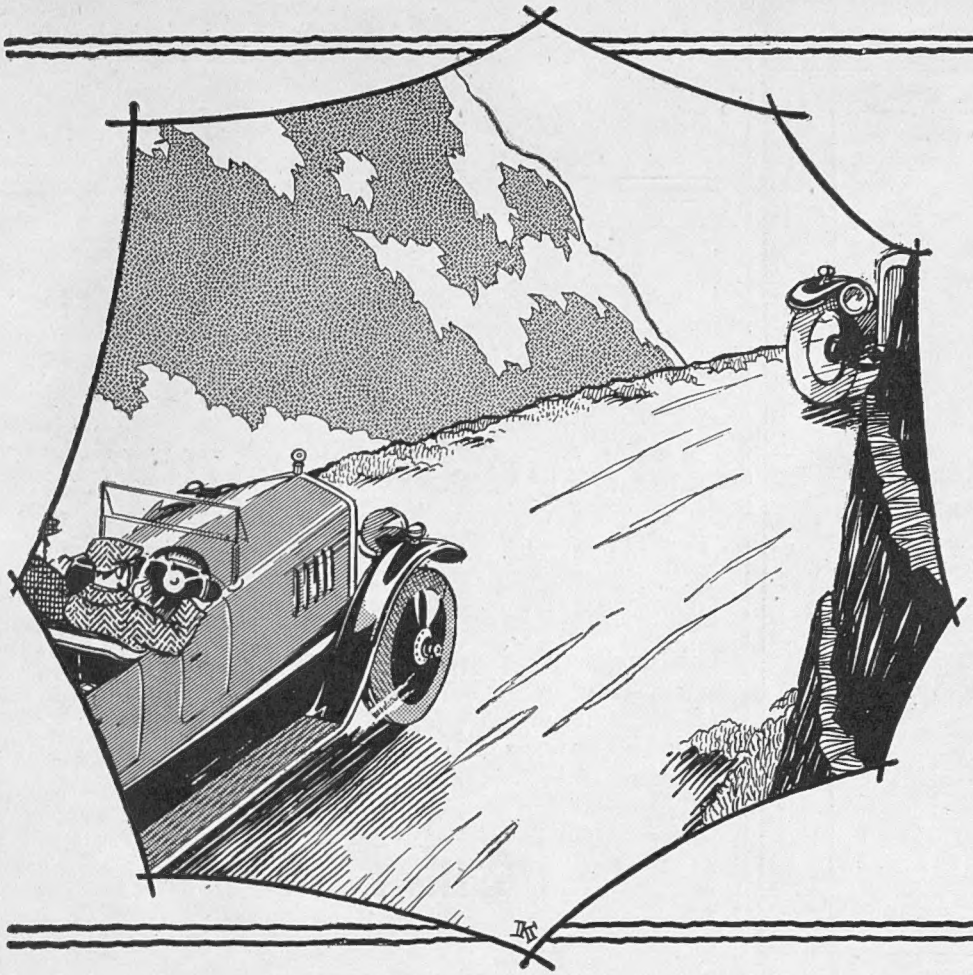

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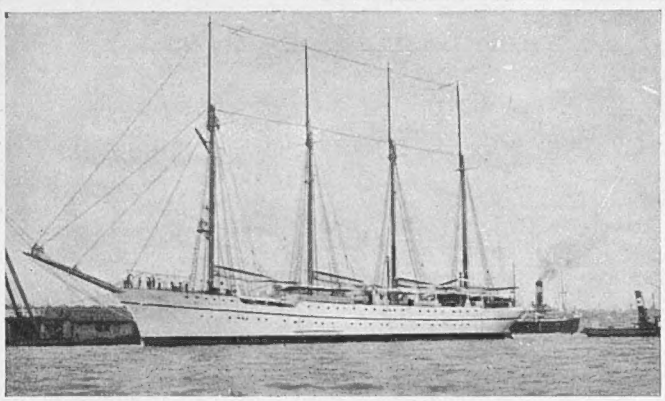

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(*a*) *Full Head*	5	5	0
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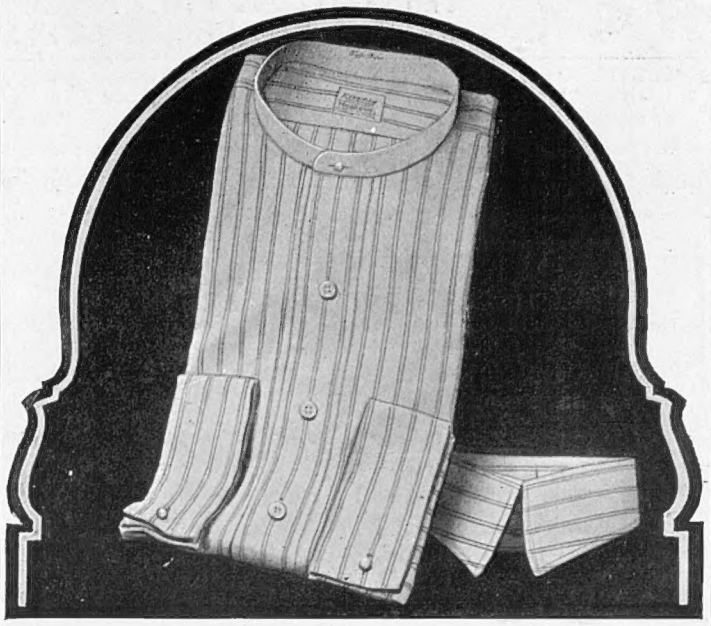

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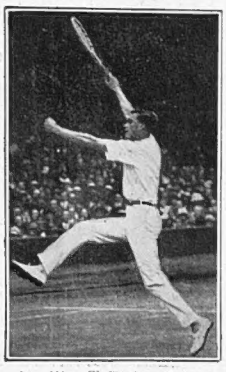

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Boudoir Band of lace and coloured ribbons suitable for the shingled heads.
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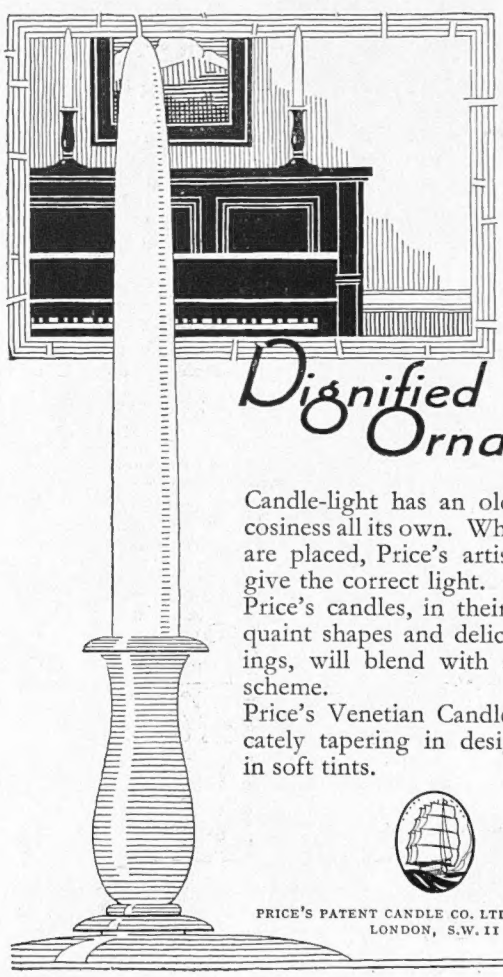

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FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

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The Bystander, August 12, 1925

No. 1132. Vol. LXXXVII

The BYSTANDER

Compton Collier

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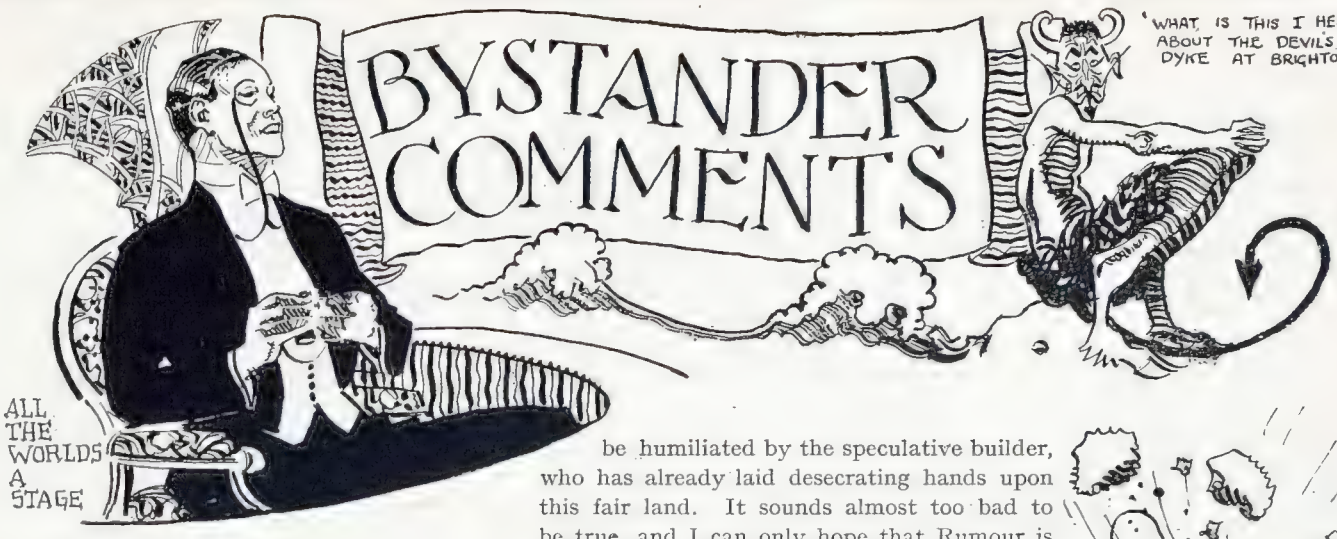
'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD. BIRMINGHAM - BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



An Unpleasant Idea

WHAT is this I hear about the Devil's Dyke at Brighton? They tell me that it is to be covered with horrid little bungalows and turned into a suburban resort for tired business men. What a thoroughly unpleasant idea!

A Devil of a Job

OF course, you know how the Devil's Dyke came into being. Owing to the extreme godliness of the Weald the Devil decided to inundate it, and drown all the clergymen who preached in all the churches that can be seen from Chanctonbury on a fine Sunday. This was a tall order—probably the origin of the saying: "A devil of a job"—because, don't you see, the South Downs stretched between Sussex and the English Channel.

Digging the Dyke

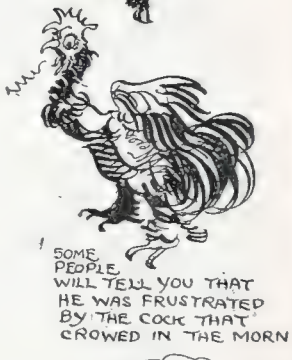
BUT the devil was not dismayed. Choosing one of those dark nights when you couldn't see the nose on the face of a Brighton visitor, he started to dig the Dyke that was to turn Poynings, Bramber and Steyning into seaside resorts. He was just as determined to complete his task as Jack Hobbs was determined to get that century on August Bank Holiday, and he was just as successful, for dawn broke across the Sussex hills with his task only three parts done. Some people will tell you that he was frustrated by the cock that crowed in the morn, and others maintain that he decided to go on the dole, but, be that as it may, the Dyke was never completed, and Sussex only becomes an inland sea during those very wet seasons when the Arun, the Adur and the Ouse overflow into the surrounding meadows.

Too Bad to be True

AND now the glorious South Downs, that defied the Devil and all his works, are to be humiliated by the speculative builder, who has already laid desecrating hands upon this fair land. It sounds almost too bad to be true, and I can only hope that Rumour is once more a lying jade, as she has been in the past.

A Pretty Play

BASIL DEAN, who produced *Loyalties*, *The Skin Game*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, has come into the open as a champion of the sort of play that the Censor feels would be abhorrent to English audiences. Mr. Dean says that the Censor's action in banning this American play "is due to the foolish wave of puritanism stirred up by interfering persons." Puritanism has done a good deal for England in the past, and if it prevents Mr. Dean from producing a play which tells how a woman strangles her baby on account of an illicit passion for her step-son, it has done still more to earn our gratitude. Further, I have a shrewd suspicion that it will have prevented Mr. Dean from losing the money that would have been involved in the production.

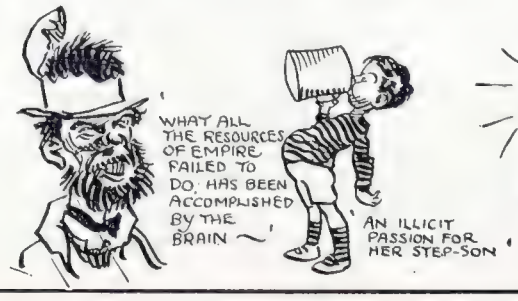


I Don't Make Mouse-traps

WHAT all the resources of Empire failed to do has been accomplished by the brain-wave of the publicity agent who set the public guessing the attendances at Wembley from day to day. In a misguided moment, Emerson wrote: "If you can make a better mouse-trap than your neighbour, then the world will beat a pathway to your door, though your house be in a wood." I am not a maker of mouse-traps, but if I were, I would be very careful to apprise the public of the fact for, otherwise, I would find myself in Carey Street in the least possible time.

What Should We Say?

THE deplorable mistake made by the Wembley authorities was in believing that the same show would draw the public for a second season. What should we say



of a theatrical manager who revived last season's play, and failed to advertise the fact that he had engaged a new and even more attractive cast? We should, I fancy, call that foolish impressario some very hard names, and we should waste very little sympathy upon the failure of his enterprise—if enterprise it could be called.

Let us Sing

INCUMBENTS of parish churches are always faced with the problem of congregational singing. There are the people who *will* sing and the people who won't. Quite recently, a black-and-white artist drew a picture of a verger remonstrating with a leather-lunged individual, and telling him that they had people who were paid to do the job, but I imagine that the boot is usually on the other foot.

A Successful Effort

ONLY last Sunday, in a Kensington church, I came across a highly-successful effort to make the congregation do a bit of singing on their own account. Announcing the hymn, the vicar added that verses 3 and 5 would be sung by the congregation without the assistance of the choir. It is true that the organist gave the amateurs a friendly lead when the time came, but even without his assistance they would have placed a highly creditable performance to their credit. I have always felt that those music-hall performers who desire the co-operation of the audience are too insistent in their demands. Let them follow the example of the Kensington vicar, tell the stalls and gallery what they have to do, and leave them to do it.

THE "TWELFTH"—THE SAME OLD "GROUSE" By Blam

The Latest Catch-Phrase

IT is a long time since the stage or the concert platform gave us a new catch-phrase. What is there about some apparently casual remark that causes it to stick like a burr? Not repetition merely, for you may repeat an ordinary phrase with the result that you are told to "shut up," or someone throws a boot at your head. And rightly so! A successful catch-phrase need be neither significant nor profound. It need have no reference to topics or the politics of the day. But it must possess the intangible quality that makes it stick. The sillier it is, the greater its vogue—and rightly so!

"And Rightly So!"

THAT is the new catch-phrase. It is in its infancy at present, but it will grow and spread until some song-writer turns it into a ballad and the pantomimes claim it for their own. By Christmas it will be on every lip. And rightly so! People who have no knowledge of its origin will repeat it in tube and train. And rightly so! Learned men will write leaders about it. And rightly so! They will claim that it is an example of mental weakness and national decay, but it will still persist. And rightly so! Started by a Marble Arch orator, it has caught on—and rightly so!

Sixpenny Classics

I DON'T know why I should present a rival publishing house with a free advertisement, but I must let you know that you can purchase at a tanner a time, the poems of such modern singers as Robert Bridges, Edmund Blunden, Rupert Brooke, Hilaire Belloc and others. I don't pretend to guess how Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., have achieved this miracle, but there is no deception, the Belloc collection containing eighteen full poems and a whole bunch of epigrams, from which I select:

> When I am dead
> I hope it may be said:
> "His sins were scarlet, but
> His books were read."

A Pretty Gift

HILAIRE BELLOC has always had a pretty gift for vituperation, and heaven help the opponent who catches him with his claws out. You remember those verses "To a Lord, who, in the House of Lords, said that those who opposed the South African adventure confused soldiers with money-grabbers." It was a poem with the longest title and the bitterest wit in the English language, and from my sixpenny selection I quote this "Epitaph on the Politician Himself" to bear it company:

> Here richly, with ridiculous display,
> The Politician's corpse was laid away.
> While all of his acquaintance sneered and slanged,
> I wept: for I had longed to see him hanged.

Two Poets

IN my evening paper I read with sympathetic interest an appeal to some young poet to step boldly forward and place himself firmly in the shoes of Craig, who was known as the Surrey Poet—when he was dispensing his wares at the Oval. Myself, I was wont to meet him at Bristol or Cheltenham, and on those occasions he was true Gloucestershire, born and bred. What a natural wit the man had, to be sure, and his poetry wasn't so bad either. I don't say that Miss Sitwell would have approved it, but, contrariwise, I'm not at all sure that he would have approved Miss Sitwell, and I know which of the twain would have done the best business at the Oval.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Pessimists Wrong

A WET Goodwood is bad enough, but a wet Cowes Week is the ultimate word in depression and misery. Grey skies, grey sea, oil-skins, sou'westers, the lawn of the Royal Yacht Squadron deserted and dripping, and those furlongs of neatly-kept promenade all glistening with wet, chill the lightest male heart. They reduce "hon. fems.," as Yogo has it, with piles of airy, fairy, frilly frocks in their cabins or bedrooms, to the verge of tears.

So, when the pessimists who declared that Cowes this year would be worse than Goodwood were proved to be wrong, great was the rejoicing on all the yachts that crowded the roadstead and in all the houses packed with guests. Perhaps some of them would have liked a little less wind, but that suited the real yachting folk who prefer sailing to fashion.

L.N.A.

A NAVAL OCCASION

Lieut.-Comdr. Thomas Troubridge, R.N., the only son of Admiral Sir Ernest Troubridge, with his bride, Miss Lilly Kleinwort, after their wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last week

Nothing like Cowes

OFFICIALLY the Cowes Week begins on the Monday, but this year it actually began two days earlier because the King went out a-racing in the *Britannia* in Southampton Water on the Saturday before. His Majesty motored from Goodwood with Prince Henry on the Friday afternoon, meeting the Queen and the Duke of Connaught at Portsmouth. The *Victoria and Albert* immediately crossed to Cowes and took up its position in the roadstead, but as all the flags had been hauled down at sunset on the attendant guardship, H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, the Royal Salute was postponed until the following afternoon.

The town was packed from cellar to attic—people I hear slept in the oddest places, and how some of them dressed or undressed is a mystery. And during the Week thousands poured in by steamer just to stand for hours along the promenade to watch the comings and goings between the yachts and the shore, but more particularly the movements from the Royal yacht and the daily landing of the Queen for her motor drives and visits in the Island.

There is nothing like Cowes Week anywhere in the world. The ex-Kaiser, jealous of all that it stands for, both from the yachting and the social points of view, tried his hardest to create its rival at Kiel, but he failed.

This year there seemed to be more yachts than ever, and every house was filled

PRINCESS MARY IN YORKSHIRE *I.I.*

Princess Mary, accompanied by Sir William Ingilby, leaving the Stockwell Road Institution at Knaresborough last week after the opening of the new wing

TROOPING THE COLOUR IN JERSEY *Central Press*

A group taken at the Trooping of the Colour of the Jersey Militia, showing Mrs. Le Gallais (left), Lady Bingham, Major-General the Hon. Sir Francis Bingham, Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, and Lieut.-Colonel Le Gallais, commanding the Jersey Militia

with guests. Elizabeth, Marchioness of Ormonde, whose husband the late Marquis was Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, now lives all the year round at Solent Lodge. She had her daughter, Lady Constance Butler, some nieces, and Sir Lancelot and Lady Maud Rolleston, who had their cutter, *Leonid*, in the roads, amongst her guests. At Hamlet Lodge, Lady Glentanar entertained the Earl and Countess of Haddington, the Earl of Altamont, Lord Sligo's heir, Lady Mary Ashley, Lord Shaftesbury's daughter, the Hon. Violet Vivian and her niece Lady Alexandra Haig, Lord Haig's daughter. The Countess of Londesborough, Lady Carisbrooke's mother, was staying with Captain the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Denison at Egypt House, her fellow guests being Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd. Lady Londesborough, by the way, is leaving Blankney Hall in Lincolnshire, where she has been *châtelaine* for her son, Lord Londesborough, since his succession, for a house in Sussex.

The Royal Plans

After a few days in London the King and Queen will go to Balmoral, paying visits to Lady Sykes at Sledmere and to Princess Mary at Goldsborough on their way. Yorkshire is thus doubly honoured, and is immensely delighted and proud in consequence. The late Sir Mark Sykes was one of the most popular landowners in the county. The Royal visit to his widow is therefore all the more appreciated.

Sport and General

ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA"

The King, with the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry

L.N.A.

GOING ASHORE

The Queen leaving the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," at East Cowes for one of her frequent expeditions to the Island

Lord Cheylesmore

Few men, either peers or commoners, have done more for Empire defence than the late Lord Cheylesmore, who died a victim to our modern Juggernaut, the motor. Every sympathy will go out to his son, who was driving the car when the lamentable accident happened.

Lord Cheylesmore may justly be described as the Father of Bisley. He was so keen on rifle shooting that he never missed a meeting, and it was whilst he was returning from this year's meeting that the fatal accident happened.

After he retired from the Army some twenty-four years ago—he was then in command of the Grenadier Guards—Lord Cheylesmore became Mayor of Westminster, and later, Chairman of the London County Council. But Bisley was always his keenest interest, and he will be sorely

P. and A.

WITH A LINER PARTY

Princess Arthur of Connaught and Lady Maud Carnegie on board the R.M.S. "Ranchi," a new P. and O. liner, at Cowes

missed. Lady Cheylesmore was an American, the daughter of Mr. F. B. French of New York. The heir, the Hon. Captain Francis Eaton, who also was in the Grenadiers, married a Colonial lady, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Parker of Tasmania.

Biographies, Memoirs and the Dead

PERHAPS the indignation which has been raised by the recent pointless attack on Mr. Gladstone's moral character will put an end to vilification of the dead in biographies and memoirs. It's a nasty, un-English business. Lady Cardigan set the fashion in her memoirs, spreading the most cruel falsehoods about dead people amongst thousands. The man who wrote—or rather compiled—*Uncensored Recollections* and *Things I Shouldn't Tell*, went even further, for he seized on the name of any dead person—provided the person was of sufficiently high birth or fame—as the subject for shameful stories with which dates and places proved the unfortunate dead could have had no concern whatsoever.

Lord Gladstone and his brother have given the writer of this attack upon Mr. Gladstone every opportunity of proceeding against them for libel, which means he could publicly prove his charge against their father, if it were true. So far, such proceedings have not been taken. The dead people attacked by Lady Cardigan and the anonymous writer or compiler of the two books I have mentioned, unfortunately had no children to fight the cruel and untrue charges made against them. It is an ugly phase of memoir writing, and the sooner the public and the publishers set their faces against it the better.

Sport and General

A HUNTING COMING-OF-AGE

Sir Dennis and Lady Boles at the Annual Puppy Show of the West Somerset Foxhounds, at Bishop's Lydeard. Sir Dennis, who is the Master of three packs of hounds, received a presentation from the hunt in commemoration of his twenty-one years of mastership of the West Somerset

OVER THE MARCHES *Sport and General*

The Hon. Mrs. George Coventry (left), Lord Suffield, the Hon. George Coventry and Lieut.-Col. R. S. Forestier-Walker watching the judging at the Royal Welsh National Show at Carmarthen. Both the King and the Prince of Wales had several winners at the show, which was one of the most successful for many years

The Carillon

BELGIUM is the home of the *carillonneur*—in English, the master bell-ringer. We have very good bell-ringers in England, but they work together, and some very

WITH "THE DUKE'S"

Officers, past and present, and guests of the 1st Battalion the Duke of Wellington's Regiment photographed at Gosport on the occasion of the Presentation of Colours. The Lieut.-General Sir Herbert Belfield, K.C.B., who was Director of Prisoners of War from 1914 to 1920

fine change-ringing they do. But the art of the *carillonneur* is quite different. He plays on the bells alone. Running across to Belgium for a flying visit, your Bystander was lucky enough to arrive in Bruges on an evening when a *carillon* was being given in the wonderful old belfry. Thousands of people crowded the big square, mostly sitting at little tables. It was really wonderful to hear Schubert's *Chant d'Amour*, Dvorak's *Humoresque* and a fantasia on *Mignon*, floating down from the bells. And oddly enough the belfry rising high into the clear sky, the wide open space shut in by old buildings, and the throngs of people all sitting, or standing about, reminded one of the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice.

Once a year we have a Belgian *carillon* in England. This is at Cattistock in Dorsetshire, where they have a fine peal of bells. For many years M. Denyn, the *carillonneur* of Malines Cathedral, used to come over and give the annual performance, even coming after the War. But now M. Denyn is too old, so this year his place was taken by his assistant, M. Gustave Nees.

J. C. H. Balmain

MISS COATS AND MISS HUNNEWELL

Gale and Polden

ceremony was performed by the Colonel of the Regiment,

G. W. Day

LORD AND LADY CASTLEMAINE

J. C. H. Balmain

LADY DOROTHY AND CAPT. PEPLOE

THE "COURSE" OF EVENTS AT NORTH BERWICK

The migration to the North is now at its height, and the advance guard at North Berwick are busily getting into their "swing" again after the counter-attractions of the London Season.

An Unusual Happening

SPEAKING of Belgium, a sensation has been caused in society by Comte Claude d'Elbée and his wife both taking the vows. The Comtesse, who is now known in religious circles as Sister Claire-Marie, became a Carmelite nun last January. Quite recently the Archbishop of Malines consecrated the Comte d'Elbée a priest, and at the same time admitted the Comtesse's brother, the Vicomte de Sèze, to minor orders.

It is an unusual story in these days, and more suggestive of the Middle Ages. The wife witnessed her husband's consecration with other nuns from behind a *grille*. And what makes the story more curious still is that at his first mass the newly-made priest gave the Communion to his wife. This will be the last time he will ever see her.

The Duke of York's Camp

FOR the fifth year the Duke of York's happy inspiration of public school boys and boys working in the principal industries spending a week together in camp has been a great success. No better way of young people learning each other's point of life could be imagined. There were 400 boys—200 from the public schools and 200 from the industries. Before going down to New Romney, where they have their camp, they all met for luncheon at the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, where the Duke—who had motored up especially from Goodwood—gave them a send off. He also spent a day with them at the camp.

The success of this yearly camp in bridging the distance between class and class has gone far afield, for this year a South Wales colliery owner has volunteered to be a camp officer, as he wishes to gain experience to start a club on the same lines amongst his pit-boys and others in South Wales.

J. C. H. Balmain

LADY MILDRED FITZ-GERALD

Losing Hands Up

BY E. T. REED

RED GULCH COOK (*helping himself with impunity*): "So you're *the Governor of this State,* are yer! Wal, you've got the durned rummiest way of goin' about *governin'* as ever I saw! Pers'nally I don't make no complaints, but *ther' may be folks as will*!"

"PLUS ÇA CHANGE . . ." By Blanchette

Illustrated by
HELEN McKIE

"There's still some few millions left in London"

LONDON, *August* 10

DEAR COUSIN—

Do we really change, I wonder? The fashions of life, says Mr. H. G. Wells in his very latest, change from age to age. . . . Knowledge has spread and refinement increased, and a generation of young people, more restrained, more sophisticated or more decisive than their predecessors, has taken possession of the world. . . .

WHICH certainly does seem on the face of it and to a certain extent a perfectly good and true remark. We undoubtedly have changed in quite a lot of ways, even in the last year or two, not to mention generations and ages and things. All the world, I mean, and therefore and logically *ergo* among the rest, this wonderful nice little, tight little, bright little island of ours, Britain by name.

ALL cramjam full of new ideas and contraptions we are, such as wireless and country cottages, and rubber and bingles, and Pirandello plays, and Michael Arlen books, and so on—just in our own little England now, that is. Which is only, of course, just a small part of the universe, but quite enough for us to go on with, what? And anyhow, as Sir Walter Scott or someone once remarked—

> Breathes there the man (or for the matter of that, woman)
> That never to himself (or herself) hath said
> This is my own; my native land?

And if you know of a better 'ole, as Captain Bairnsfather would put it, it's up to you to tell us about it—only must warn you that anything you say will be taken down in evidence against you and (as they say at Vine Street) we shan't believe a word of it, anyway.

WE change, of course, we change. Fashions change, for one thing—as was brought home to one, for instance, rather forcibly the other night, dancing at that pleasant sort of public understudy of Ciro's, the Café de Paris in Leicester Square or the environs thereof. Where (the season being well and truly over) there were to be observed many quite praiseworthy persons conscientiously as well as (in their own way) joyously foxtrotting around, with skirts that reached wellnigh to the ankles, likewise many strange and wonderful fancy steps such as have, alas, for some little while, been by some unwritten law banished from London dance places.

YES, I'm sure we do change. Only some twenty years or so ago, so I'm assured by local inhabitants, they made quite a fuss if women smoked in even the most expensive London restaurants—as they object even now, I'm told, in li'l ole Noo Yark, but then, of course, God's Own Country is naturally quite a bit closer to Genesis than us, not to mention Exodus. And when you go just a bit further back, well . . . .

"Shingling is doomed"

LOOK at that celebrated play *Caste*, for instance, that they're reviving just now at the Everyman. Whole plot of which depends, mark you, on what a frightful and world-shaking thing it is that a girl who's been acting, apparently with some success, in some sort of dance show, should actually have ventured to marry one Hon. Whatshisname, son of Lady So-and-so—always referred to in the play, by the way, as "the Marchioness" or "Marquise." Rather sweet, is not it—especially when you come to think of how belted Earls, not to say strawberry-leaved Dukes, positively have to *explain* to us, these days, why (should they so lamentably lapse) they haven't married into the far more distinguished aristocracy of the stage.

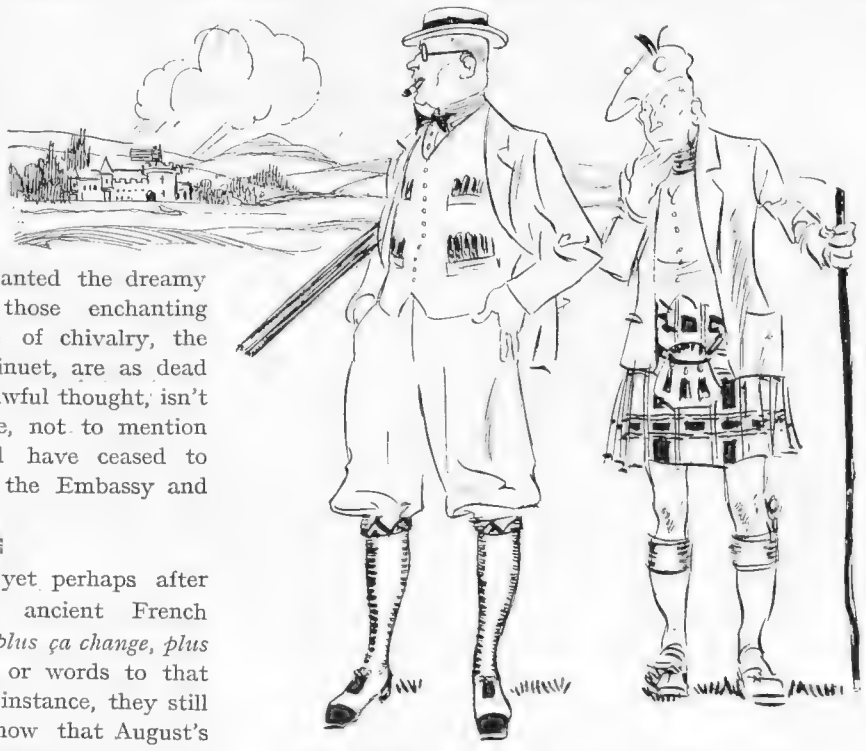
NO man in aforesaid antiquely charming play, by the way, is allowed to smoke in a room when there's even the remotest chance of a girl—I mean lady—arriving there in the next half hour or so. And when the heroine, duly and lawfully married to the hero, is telling her due and lawful husband that she's going to have a baby, she wraps it all up in such frightfully modest and symbolic language that the poor lad (and I don't blame him) entirely fails to catch the purport of her somewhat lengthy remarks.

WE'VE changed, surely—everyone says we've changed. There's Lady Alexander, for one, widow of the most famous actor-manager of his day, who's perfectly certain we've deteriorated simply terribly because of "the rush and tear of modern life." Even in the ballroom, once a place of relaxation (says she), the whirlwind jazz has supplanted the dreamy waltz and, alas, those enchanting dances of the age of chivalry, the gavotte and the minuet, are as dead as the Dodo. . . . Awful thought, isn't it, that the gavotte, not to mention the minuet, should have ceased to reign at Ciro's and the Embassy and the Savoy?

Ça change—and yet perhaps after all, as some ancient French philosopher put it, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* or words to that effect. London, for instance, they still say is "empty" now that August's here, and yet as aforetime there's still some few millions left in that above-named city going about their lawful business, as Mr. William Shakespeare put it, and not worrying too frightfully about the fact that some few thousands have meanwhile flitted off to gay spots such as, *par exemple*, Deauville.

ANOTHER thing that's been changed recently is that bright cabaret show, *Playtime at The Piccadilly*, where a new edition is keeping the ballroom nice and full—August or no August. And no wonder, when Nattova and Myrio are there to show what really *can* be done in the dancing line, and The Girls give us a further batch of "Music Hall Reminiscences" of stars who shone when they (meaning The Girls)—and we—were still in the teething stage.

ALSO, and by the way, if you really fear that all or any of our ancient institutions are going by the board—behold close at hand and wellnigh upon us is that sacred and immemorial date—The Twelfth. When all the great and rich ones of the world, or such as can afford to tip sufficiently heavily the attendant Army Corps of keepers, go forth gaily to slaughter, upon the more or less heather-clad moors of Scotland, the local grouse. Which is, I gather from friends already arrived there, even more than usually well and strong on the wing, and, of course, only too pleased to provide the best possible sport for Mr. Hiram Q. Porker of Chicago and Mr. Metaxas Gulberkian of the Argentine and other near-British sportsmen (not to mention a few English peers and people of comparatively moderate means), who have leased the available moors of Bonnie Scotland to pursue our national pastime.



"Near-British sportsmen who have leased the moors"

NOT, of course, that Scotland is the only available resort at this particular moment. Am in fact almost worn to shreds already by listening to words of advice from innumerable friends all ready and about to start for that home of Romance—as well as inevitable autumn venue of such as are determined to do the correct thing—Italy.

OTHER things, dear cousin, may change, but not Italy. It doesn't even matter that the Germans have this year once more been invading Venice in force. Always and in spite of everything it has what one Sir James Barrie calls the immortal, immoral power of char-rm. And as Amy Baker too hath noted, in her nice new book, *The Slim Outline*, the heroine whereof sojourns awhile in Venice and discovers that—

> In Italy a man looks at a pretty woman. In England he takes no more notice of her than if she was the corner of the post office or a municipal dust-bin. If a woman is not looked at in the South, she may take it for granted that with her Harris tweed and her brogues and her golf stockings she belongs to *les Anglaises terribles*, or that it is time for her to go and buy a new hat.

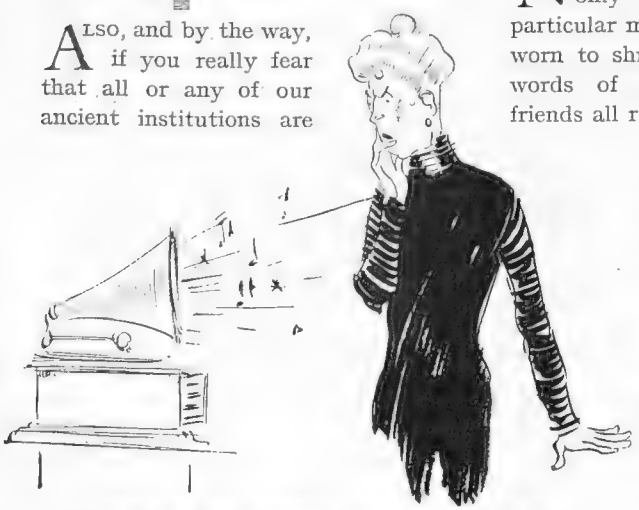
ALSO, says the same light-minded writer, what profits it to go to all the churches in Venice and not to be kissed on the Grand Canal? Some frivolous person, what? And with an orange tree beneath his window (she goes on rashly to remark) even an English bishop might dream of kisses. . . . Somewhat bold and bad, is not she, and I'm not so altogether sure we haven't changed just a little bit, really! Can you even begin to imagine, I mean, any self-respecting female of the Victorian or even Edwardian age talking so utterly recklessly about kisses and even worse?

BUT never mind—even if we do rather disconcertingly change, the poor and the pure-minded we have always with us. And one who hails from the U.S., and is also head of the local policewomen, has acquired the unique distinction of discovering that even our ordinary dance music is "indecent." Because, says she, quite pricelessly, it's the sort of music that makes men forget their home and their babies. . . . Can you (to use the local phraseology), *can* you beat it?

SHINGLING, I'm told, is doomed, and all the best people in Paris are trying rapidly to re-acquire their hair. By the autumn, they say, hairdressers' shops will be flooded with a crowd of women, all panting to be unshingled. But I verily believe it will last for *our* time, anyway.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE



"Discovering that our ordinary dance music is 'indecent'"

Angus Faith

MISS YOLANDE PEPYS

The second daughter of the Hon. Everard Pepys and Mrs. Pepys of Old Park Farm, Waltham Cross. She is a cousin of the Earl of Cottenham.

Motley Musings

WE understand that the good folk in Monkeyville are now out to prosecute the gentleman who put the sex in sexophone.

. . . . .

"WHAT did your wife say when you arrived with the milk?"

"She merely remarked, 'If you tell me the old, old story you'll go where Glory waits you!'"

. . . . .

SUPERSTITIONS WHICH DIE HARD

(*a*) That Mr. Lloyd George won the War.

(*b*) That the Premier really has a policy.

(*c*) That an Editor rejects contributions "with thanks."

(*d*) That our street authorities have no sense of humour.

(*e*) That water tastes better without whisky.

. . . . .

FROM a provincial paper. "R. Katt batted well, but was given three lives." Surely he could have claimed the traditional nine. Our cat would.

. . . . .

OBSERVING the dejected demeanour of a man at his mother-in-law's funeral, a Frenchman was heard to exclaim, "It is true then that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly."

. . . . .

IT is said that America sends us her "stars and tripe." We suppose she keeps for her own vaudeville stage anyone who stars and strips.

. . . . .

CERTAIN Trades Union officials are complaining of the lies told about them. But how would they enjoy it if the truth were told about them instead?

THE proceeds of the recent Sargent sale easily outran the last Constable one.

. . . . .

WE read that archery is becoming fashionable in New York society circles. But the art of drawing the long bow has never really died out there.

. . . . .

A LEGAL POSER: How much refuse ought to be left in an average bungalow by a tenant who has agreed to leave the premises in the same state as that in which he found them?

. . . . .

A POLICE-INSPECTOR has stated that at certain of the less reputable night clubs young girls habitually drink too much. There is always something distasteful in canned peaches.

. . . . .

A SUGGESTED title for the next volume of police reminiscences: The Fruitful Vine St.

. . . . .

FROM a provincial paper: "A protest by ratpayers was held last week." We wonder whether any of them sniffed a rodent.

. . . . .

"JONES seems annoyed about that l.b.w. decision."

"Well, you see, he was put out!"

. . . . .

IT must be soothing to the modern bricklayer to reflect that Rome wasn't built in a day.

CERTAIN South Coast resorts refuse to admit children on the pier at half-price. Aren't they raising 'em to the pier age early?

. . . . .

SIR MARTIN CONWAY asks, "Why has London lost its donkeys?" Lady beauty specialists, however, declare they are as numerous as ever.

. . . . .

THE AUTHORS ON HOLIDAY

Once more unto the beach, dear friends,
once more.

. . . .

We plough the sands and scatter.

. . . .

Rock of Ages. (N.B.—Sold everywhere.)
Now these boats are more like hell than
anything else I know.

. . . .

Where Alf, to save his liver, ran
From taverns (leaving Mary Anne),
Down to a sunless sea.

. . . .

Sailors should never be shy.

. . . .

Weep, weep for Lycidas,
The silly ass that hath not left his pier.

. . . .

Still daughters run deep.

. . . .

Not a sou had he got, not a guinea or note,
And he looked most confoundedly
flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried!

. . . .

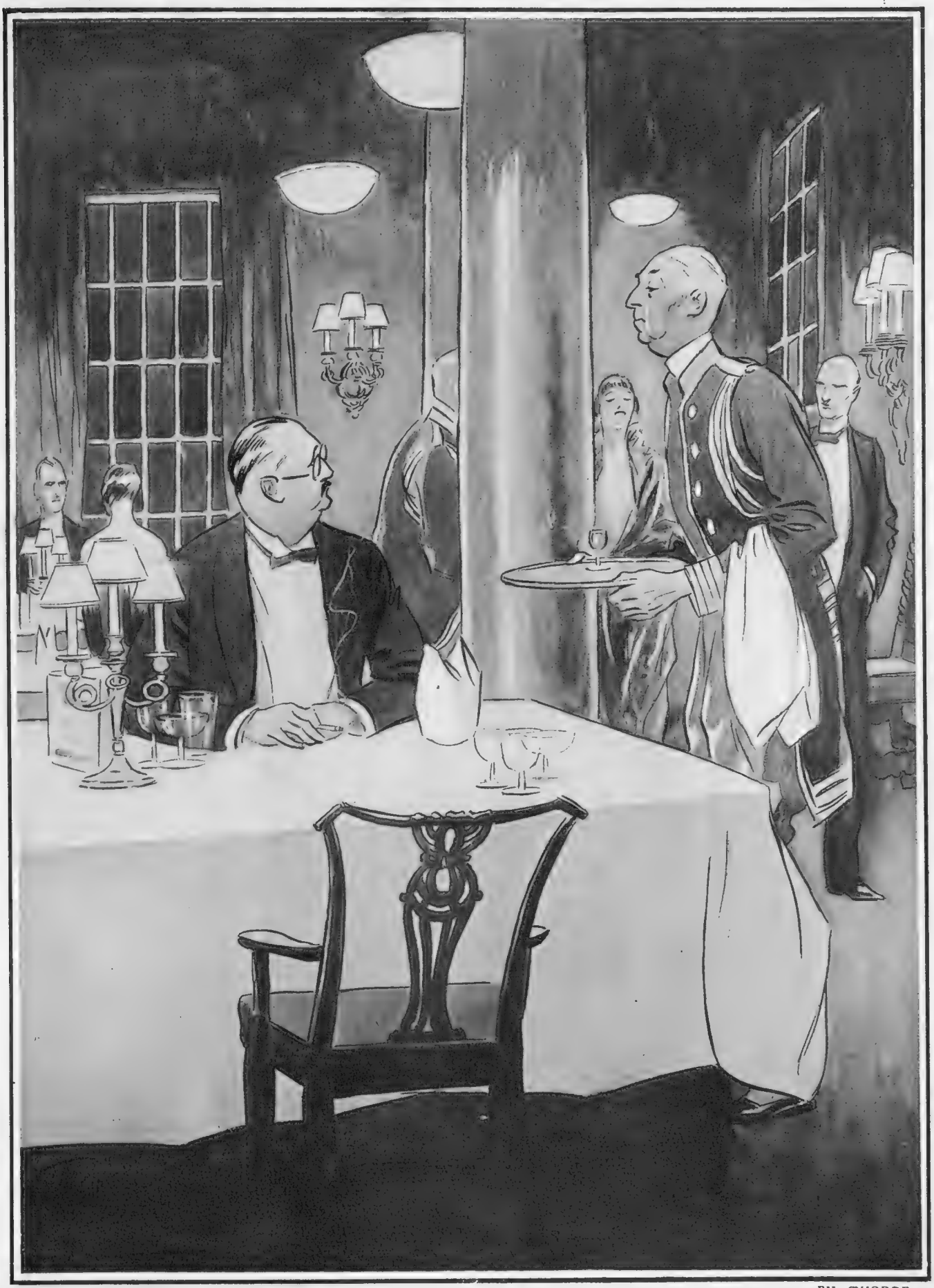
Maud tries to sing, Maud tries to sew,
Maud tries to write a book,
Maud tries to run the bally show,
Maud even tries to cook,
Maud tries at golf her best to play,
And oh, there's no denying,
Maud tries to boss me every day,
Maud's very, very trying!

HARTLEY CARRICK

CLUBABLE! BY A. GELLI

MASSIVE MEMBER (*to nervous secretary*): "What I want to see in this Club is some fresh blood!"

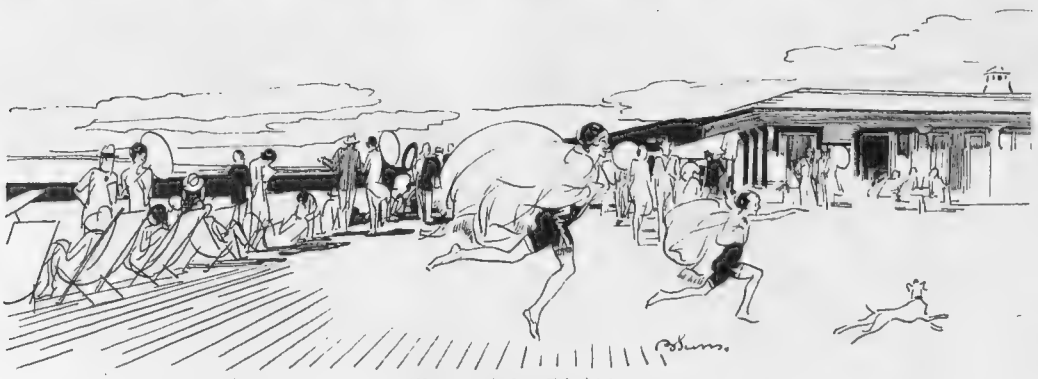
The Grouse After the Game



BY THORPE

INDIGNANT DINER: "You call yourself a waiter, and you mean to tell me you don't know how many runs Hobbs has made!"

DEAUVILLE GOSSIP



Illustrated by BLAM

THE great pageant of summer expensiveness has started again at Deauville. Polo, racing, *tir aux pigeons*, golf and tennis are all in full swing, or just on the point of starting.

The blue train, by the way, is *not* running this year, for the present, at any rate. This does not mean that Deauville's popularity is on the wane. Far from it. But so many of us have Hispanos, Rolls-Royces, Delages, to say nothing of the small, but serviceable, Citroën that is being advertised every night in flashing signs from the Eiffel Tower, that the train travellers are only a negligible fraction of Deauville's visitors. Also, it is infinitely pleasanter to glide over the beautiful roads of Normandy, making a halt that may be indefinitely prolonged at some delightful farm by the wayside. Real Normandy eggs and butter and chicken are superlatively excellent. What one eats at Deauville comes direct from Paris, except in the case of a few *bistros* patronised by the natives and by the more knowing of the valets and stable boys who have been to Deauville before.

THE Potinière is a more delightful picture than ever this year, with the charming new fashion of wearing colour instead of white. It looked just like a great flower-bed last week-end, with pale blue, pink, green and yellow and, dotted here and there, a frock in purple or flaming scarlet. The new complexion is not too happily chosen. Less becoming than last year's brick tint, it has a touch of yellowish putty. It may have been inspired by those cleverly modern *mannequin* figures at the Paris Arts Décoratifs exhibition, but it is certainly more successful in the wooden figure than on the human face.

JUST the same celebrities, and a few new ones as well, make one feel that life at Deauville really is intense. So far they are rather Parisian, the English and internationals not having turned up yet in great numbers. Paul Poiret, Maurice Rostand, Pearl White, Sem, the most puckish of caricaturists, are some of those I caught a glimpse of between a dip in the sea that was as blue and warm as the Mediterranean and a hurriedly-sipped cocktail at the Potinière before it was time to slip off to Dives, where one lunches luxuriously at that most picturesque of hostelries, Guillaume le Conquérant. They do say, of course, that the gentleman who is fixed in our memories with the date 1066 set out to conquer Great Britain from that very spot. I am sure if he lunched as well before embarking as we did on Sunday, that had a great deal to do with the winning of the Battle of Hastings.

THERE is to be some really lavish entertaining on the part of well-known Americans who intend to spend the season here. The Jacques Balsans are expecting a party at their villa. Madame Balsan, looking handsomer than ever now that her hair is grey, is well remembered in England as Consuelo Duchess of Marlborough. A young kinswoman of hers, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, is already at Deauville. She and her pretty sister, Mrs. Morgan Converse, enjoy the distinction of being the only women who do not wear short skirts. The Ralph Strassburgers have bought the Rothschild farm "le Coteau," I am told, so they will be "good" for a certain number of parties. Mrs. Harry Brown of Pittsburgh and St. James's Square will arrive on her newly-acquired yacht as soon as Cowes is over, so American hostesses will be well in the foreground.

"The great pageant of summer expensiveness"

WE all pretend to go to Deauville for one of the outdoor reasons, such as bathing, which is quite as good at Cromer or half a dozen other places one could name. The real and unfailing attraction is, of course, the *tapis vert*. There is so much optimism in the human race that those of us who were badly stung last year and the year before always come back again this year in the firm hope of retrieving our fallen fortunes. It looks so terribly easy. Croupiers and Casino officials are so interested and sympathetic as long as the wherewithal to tip holds out. One belongs to the class that is welcomed and catered for. Even he, and especially she, who plays on a relatively small scale is encouraged and looked after. Deauville is a small world and the network of observation has a very fine mesh, so bills are always promptly presented directly any uncertain payer has made a decided haul.

THE jewels are more resplendent than ever now that long diamond chains are replacing the strings of pearls. The Casino is one great glitter with necklaces, bracelets and earrings, to say nothing of brooches as large as breast plates.

The frocks may be scanty, but what there is of them is gorgeous. Deauville once seen is never forgotten. It is one of those pictures of a mad pursuit of pleasure that is imprinted on the memory for all time. PETETTE.

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PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

De temps en temps, perhaps about once every three months, some ruffled resident of Paris rises in his place and expresses resentment at the fact that foreigners should insinuate that our capital is less moral than others. He produces a number of illustrations, many of them quite well-founded, to support his theory that other capitals, notably Anglo-Saxon capitals, are no better than they should be, are even more wicked than Paris because more hypocritical, and almost always winds up with the affirmation, meant to be unanswerable, that these surface-shocked foreigners come to Paris with the expectation and purpose of seeing the very things to which they pretend to take objection. And having thus relieved his outraged feelings he goes into retirement.

WELL, the class of visitor thus rebuked comes generally in July or August, and one has to agree that this year there is no risk that they may be disappointed. At least one play, just produced, has obviously been written for their particular benefit, for one is doubtful of the reception it would have met with from the normal Parisian public, now almost totally absent, on account of certain improbabilities. This is M. Raoul Praxy's comedy, *Un ménage à la page*, which suggests how a young household without visible means of support may not only live but become prosperous by the timely employment of a little adaptability. It should make a hit with the audiences that have crowded to those West End plays about which there has lately been so much controversy.

TECHNICALLY, it is obviously modelled on the light comedies of Sacha Guitry, but lacks the Sacha *verve*, while Jean and Simone, being only in the twenties, are too young for th Guitry marionetting. Jean, poet and musician, having lost his pot-boiling job with a wealthy undertaker, the children decide to commit suicide rather than face the landlord, whose call is momentarily expected, and the poet leaves the attic to buy some newspapers, from which may be gleaned advice on the least unpleasant methods of self-suppression already tested by forerunners who have qualified for *faits divers*.

THE landlord arrives, naturally, while Jean is seeking the suicide hints, and Jean is detained sufficiently to allow the development of the plot. There is, as a matter of fact, quite an acceptable explanation for Jean's lack of haste, as will be revealed. But we are asked to concentrate our attention on the landlord and Simone, who would be driven to tears by the landlord's information that he must give them notice—if she were not *à la page*. Having prepared the *terrain*, the landlord, M. Leroux, delicately mentions that he is willing to arrange a stay of execution, *moyennant* a daily kiss. *Alors* Simone, who loves Jean and does not want him to be thrown out into the street, swiftly calculates that the arrangement has solid advantages, for, after all, a kiss binds her to nothing. First side-slip to Simone.

"Moyennant a daily kiss"

"Newspapers from which may be gleaned advice."

BUT she is only slightly ahead. Jean is as handsome as poets ought to be, and a lady in the dangerous forties, hitherto unknown, has smiled upon him in recognition of this. We learn that she is Mme. Leroux, information to be classed amongst the improbabilities. Eight days are allowed by the author, who apparently introduces the leisurely note to induce us to conclude that he is not ultra-supermodern, and Jean has become the *amant* of Mme. Leroux and M. Leroux the *amant* of Simone. Thus there is no possible question of notice. But tenants do not live by unpaid rent alone, and this is where the *ménage* seizes the opportunity to show itself *à la page*.

SIMONE knows that Jean's songs are really good if he could but get them before the public, so she persuades M. Leroux to find funds for the establishment of a publishing house, and after this has been done, it requires only six months for Jean to become *célèbre*, with managers on their knees imploring him for first rights. M. and Mme. Leroux having engulfed all their capital in the publishing business are pushed off to the country, ruined. This is again a quaint improbability as the songs are selling so well, but they have to be got rid of somehow for Jean, as a celebrity, has now become interested in his principal *interprète*, while Simone has acquired a soul-mate in a young author whom she desires to "launch" by the aid of Jean. Everybody is understood to be contented, even M. and Mme. Leroux, who are said to have found the *vrai bonheur* in rustic simplicity, so much more reliable than the seeming simplicity of a young *beau* and *belle* whose face is a fortune.

". . . as smiled at him"

DONE banteringly in the Guitry vein, this play might have been highly diverting. As it is there is a complication of seriousness which one can scarcely be expected to accept, or it would be rather unpleasant. . . . And yet, perhaps, the people who have rushed to the unpleasant West End sex-plays may take it seriously as typical of the *mœurs du temps*. *Attendons pour voir.*

IT is commonly agreed that the people who suffer most from jealously are actresses, with whom, of course, it is but fair to bracket actors; but our playwrights do not seem to be very far behind their performers when it comes to agitating a green eye. I feel sure I can count on confirmation of this from M. André Pascal. You have been able to estimate the value of some of M. Pascal's plays during a "season" in London, and you would be able to observe that he can write quite good ones, though a millionaire member of the family De Rothschild—Baron Henri outside the theatre. *Eh bien*, our professional playwrights have always been rather antagonistic to M. André Pascal, resenting the fact that he can get every one of his plays produced—for if a manager does not like them he can just hire a theatre, cast and staff to do it, without straining the family bank balance.

BUT up to now the other playwrights have had little opportunity to give substantial effect to their resentment, except that those of them who are also dramatic critics could revel among synonyms for a word that does not mean charming. Now they think they have a real chance because it is revealed that André Pascal's ambition is to have his play, *La Rampe* produced at the Comédie Française. They are at present very busy on the wires, which they are more than pulling, or even tugging, to prevent this.

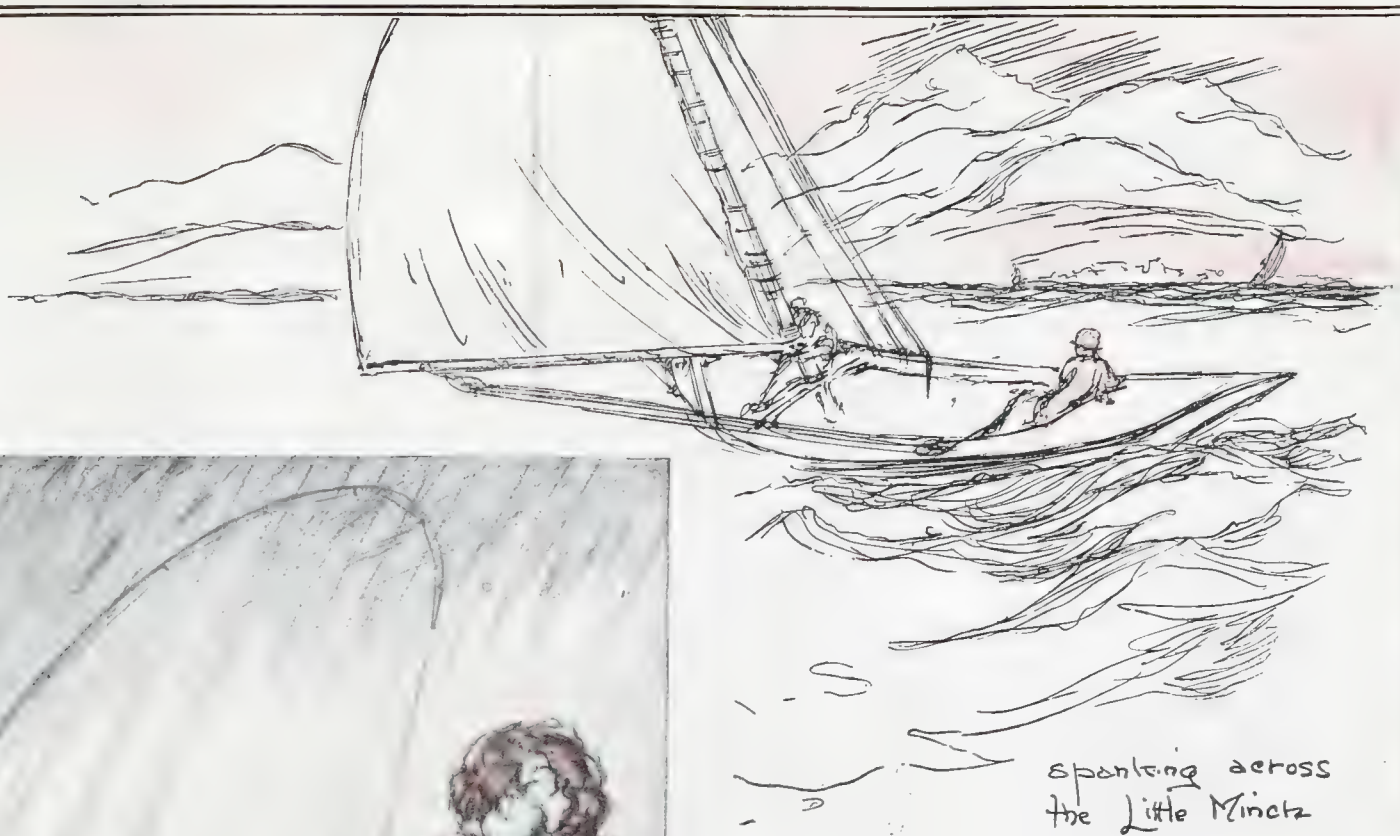
"Decline to pay their taxes"

MOST of them, of course, are doing it in secret, but Clement Vautel, always outspoken as author or journalist, has had the courage to come out in the open. He threatens to organise a strike of tax-payers if the project gets under way, the Comédie Française being tax-subventioned. Well, there should be several hundred thousands of tax-payers who would be glad of such an excuse to decline to pay their taxes. RENÉ

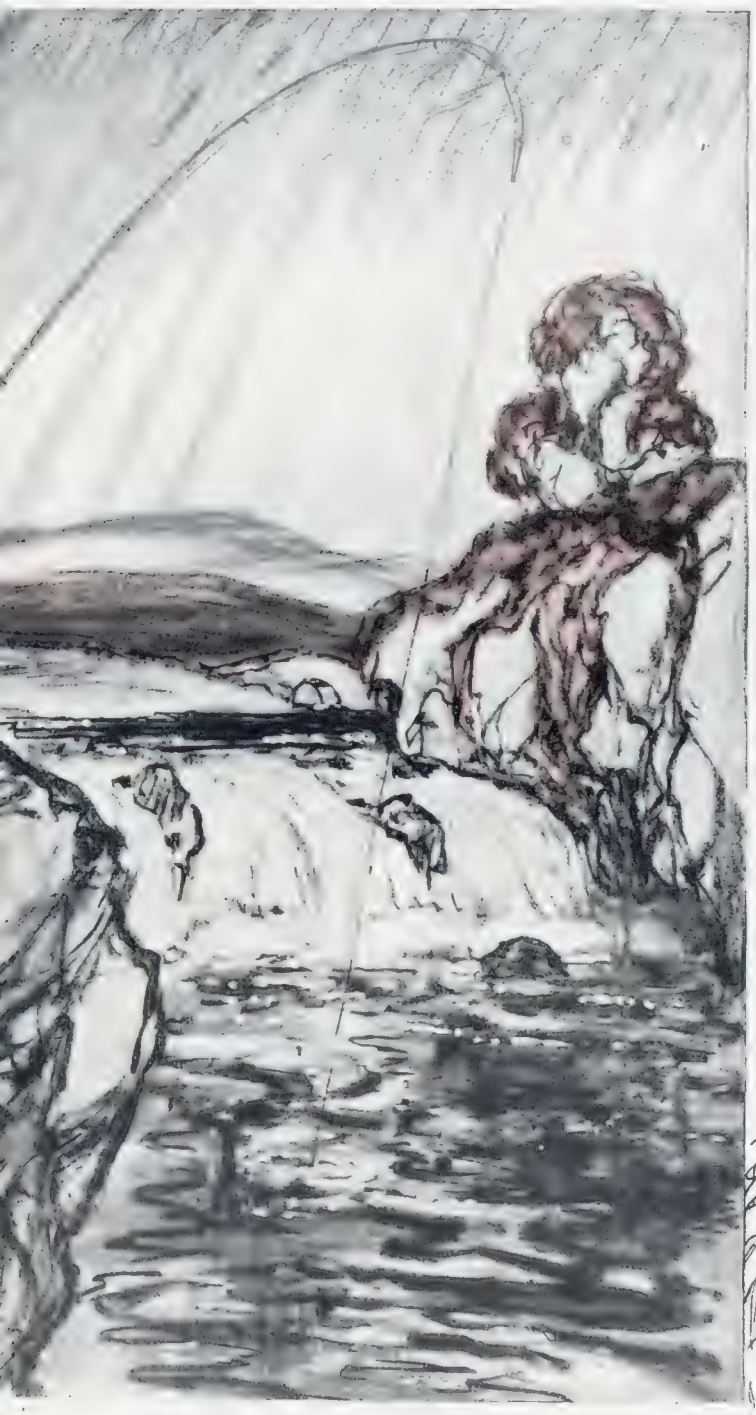
BY WILTON WILLIAMS

FAST COLOURS!

DIANA OF T



Spanking across the Little Minch



A Good run of Sea-trout.

After sea-otters with the Cairns

THE HEBRIDES

BY A. K. MACDONALD

A Little Dry "Rotting"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A new quick-drying frame which—*if* our artist is to be believed—is proving very popular with bathers at the best-known seaside resorts

"Carnival"

A GRINGO IN THE ARGENTINE

II.—ARGENTINA AT PLAY

By ARTHUR MILLS, Author of "The Gold Cat"

Illustrated by BRYAN DE GRINEAU

RACING in the Argentine, if one has the privilege of using the Jockey Club enclosure, is a very luxurious affair. The club has its private entrance, an excellent restaurant, and well-kept lawns. If the weather be hot the wise race-goer will select a place on the verandah at the top of the stand and remain there throughout the day. It is impossible to get any truthful information in the paddock, and it is less exhausting to sit still. A special staff of attendants are retained to make all members' bets for them.

Life for the official starter is not always equally untrammelled, especially when the start takes place in front of the public stand. At such times the fact that he is an influential member of Argentine society (as omnipotent in its way as the Russian aristocracy in Tsarist days) counts for nothing with the crowd. All that matters is that he should allow the tapes to go up when some particular horse has an advantage. There may be several sections, each with their own horse with the result that throughout the proceedings a torrent of exhortation and abuse falls about the starter's ears. When he finally does release the gate, if the favourite is at all badly placed he very wisely jumps quickly into a waiting car and returns to the sanctuary of the Jockey Club enclosure.

An alternative amusement on Sunday is golf, to which all Argentina has taken keenly. The best course is at Mar del Plata, the fashionable seaside resort; but there are three or four quite good courses around Buenos Aires. The Buenos Aires Pacific Railway have a capital private course for their employees, a plan that might well be adopted by other firms in a position to do so. As in other parts of the world, it is futile to expect the *chico* (caddie) ever to find the *pelota* (ball).

The night life of Buenos Aires is not so exciting as many believe—the town is a perfect model village compared to Rio de Janeiro, anyway. In the summer the most popular resort is the Armenonville, an open air cabaret dance-hall. Here young Argentina repairs towards midnight to sow an oat or two and pine for the superior attractions of Deauville and Paris. They dance principally the tango, not as we see in exhibition dances over here, but using the simplest steps, the heels kept all the time upon the ground, poise and expression stately to the point of being funereal.

Whoever said that the English take their pleasures sadly should have attended a public ball at the Opera House in Buenos Aires during Carnival.

"They dance principally the tango"

The men form a vast ring in the centre of the floor, and stand stolidly shoulder to shoulder regarding the dancers, who revolve round the space left to them—about three yards wide. Though it is the height of Carnival there is little laughter, and the silence is broken only by the orchestra or an occasional comment such as this:

"The little one with the rose behind her ear is to my liking, *che!*"

"Caramba! She has too much meat upon the leg. Regard the one with the fair hair."

Which remarks are heard perfectly and without perturbation by the ladies concerned, for it is the way in South America to look at the ladies as much as you please and say what you think about them. Which is partly the reason why Argentine women of good family are seen little in public, and fair Anglo-Saxon *touristes* become excessively enraged.

One thing that may at any time enliven Argentine night life is the possibility of a shooting. There is no capital punishment in the country, and to shoot a man who has annoyed you is not a very serious offence. Most of the young *distinguidos* carry revolvers. A piece of advice to be remembered by any foreigner present during an affray is to leave the premises instantly. Apart from the bullet seldom finding its intended target he runs the risk of arrest, for all witnesses are taken into custody as well as the actual participants. On the same principle, if your taxi knocks a man over get out of it and run; if you linger you will be arrested as well as the driver, and regardless of the fact that the victim was previously unknown to you the onus is yours of proving you were not accessory before the fact.

"The sanctuary of the Jockey Club enclosure"

Apart from these eccentricities of the law, the Argentine police system is exceedingly efficient, and high officials from Great Britain and the United States have admitted they have much to learn from the Argentine department of criminal investigation.

Nor must it be supposed that the young Argentine spends his days abed and his nights following the facilities for enjoyment provided by his city. He is up betimes and works hard all day. The word *mañana* has been coined by fiction-writers, and is not employed in business circles in Buenos Aires, except as a polite means of intimating there is nothing doing.

However, the most interesting side of Argentine life is not to be found in Buenos Aires at all. The traveller must go out into the "camp," as the countryside is called, where the wheat grows and vast herds of cattle roam. Here he will find the life-blood of the country, out of which the stones of such buildings as the Jockey Club were made.

By Stan Terry

WELL ABOVE PA!

KATHLEEN: "Is it deep out there, Doris? Are you standing on anything?"
DORIS: "Yes, it's quite deep, but I'm standing on father!"

Sea Horses

WHITE horses, white horses, pray where are you going,
A-galloping madly through silvery spray ?
Your manes in the soft southern breezes are blowing,
How far through the waves have you journeyed to-day ?

• • •

TIME was when King Neptune was always declaring
That no finer steeds on the high seas could roam,
Your points with land horses triumphant comparing
As proudly he tooled you along through the foam.

• • •

BUT when to King Neptune the mermaids presented
A motor-car fashioned of pearl and of gold,
He vowed it the loveliest thing e'er invented—
And now his affection for you has grown cold.

• • •

BUT do not be daunted, the stars in their courses
Are fighting ; your grief with compassion inspires
The sea folk around you, take courage, brave horses,
For razor shells puncture the stoutest of tyres !

• • •

SALT water affects some magnetos quite badly.
Self-starters go wrong. If your king tries in vain
To get the car going he'll soon very gladly
Come back to his faithful white horses again !

LESLIE M. OYLER

DECORATIONS BY BLAM

OUR READERS ABROAD:

A BLACK AND WHITE STUDY

A few Kavirondo boys on a Nairobi plantation keeping in touch with the latest movements of Society as portrayed in "The Bystander"

FASHION'S FANCIES

Three Nigerian ladies, who appear to favour the *cloche* hat and the cut-away skirt, glance through "The Bystander" just *in case* anything new in the dress line has been evolved

RAMBLERS ON THE RAMBLA

Appearances, to the contrary, this photograph of a "Bystander" reader does *not* come from the South of France. It was taken on the Rambla at Mar del Plata, the Monte Carlo of South America

TAKING A DIP

Some bathers at Santa Margherita, on the Italian Riviera, who have found something more inviting than the sea into which to dip. They obviously find "The Bystander" no more dry than the Mediterranean

WHEN QUIET IS ESSENTIAL

The arrival of "The Bystander" abroad, generally an "open" secret, although things are usually quiet immediately afterwards. For proof, witness the reader on the left in a deep study—and a Shanghai garden

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

An enthusiastic supporter of "The Kennelman" settling down to his "Bystander" in Rio de Janeiro.

The above photographs, taken in many different parts of the world, bear eloquent

THE UNIVERSAL POPULARITY OF "THE BYSTANDER" AS CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN MANY CLIMES

"READ IT, COWBOY!"

A memory of Rodeo days is brought back by this photograph of an Alberta cowboy with the result of a good round-up

CELESTIAL INTEREST

As a reward for showing him the pictures this vegetable seller at Yunnan-Fu gave each of our two readers a carrot!

LADIES FIRST

"Comforts for the troops" being taken in by Sisters of the Nursing Service on the walls of the Fort at Bannu, on the North-West Frontier, while the mere male awaits his turn in the background

NICOBAR TAKES NOTICE

Prominent Social leaders in the Nicobar Islands, keeping in touch with affairs in England. An outbreak of Oxf—— Trou—— (No! we will *not* say it!) is an unlikely result of their studies

A HOT FAVOURITE

There are many worse bathing places than a hot pool, as this cheery picnic party in the thermal region of New Zealand would tell you. And it has the added advantage of enabling one to study "The Bystander" in comfort—if the others don't grab it!

testimony to the peaceful penetration—*and* popularity—of "The Bystander"

Produced on July 15, 1925.

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

I DO not know how many times this quaint play of Ibsen's has been produced in this country, but it can hardly have been so excellently presented on any previous occasion. It is generally understood that Ibsen's plays are caviare to the general, as Shakespeare puts it—the reluctance of the million to enjoy anything requiring the least mental effort having been apparently noticeable even in his day. But there is nothing at all highbrow about the present performance. Mr. Milton Rosmer, who plays the leading part with striking ability, takes it in the vein of light comedy throughout. He must get more genuine laughs than ever Ibsen could have thought he was putting into his play; and yet all is done with the most legitimate art, and without the least trace of buffoonery.

MR. ROSMER is the Hjalmar Ekdal of the piece. The programme does not tell us who is responsible for the English translation, though I believe Mr. William Archer is Ibsen's chief apostle in this country. But with the next translation it would certainly be an advantage to have the names done into English as well. Hjalmar is a difficult name to memorise, and in wrestling with it the typewriter gets the consonants badly mixed up every time. As you may remember, Hjalmar is just the genial kind of waster who is going to do everything—to-morrow. And in his spare time—which is roughly the other twenty-three hours of the day—he is going to invent something, when he gets the right idea, though as he says, it is hardly worth while going on with his project because nearly everything has been already invented. The Wild Duck is, of course, both a reality and a symbol in the play. Grandfather Ekdal's dog retrieved the poor thing after it had been winged by a clumsy sportsman, and Hedvig, his grand-daughter, has made a pet of it ever since.

AS a symbol the allusion to the Wild Duck is too vague to bother about. What matters is the useful teaching that the man with over-lofty ideals can, and often does, make himself a horrid nuisance. In this play the Idealist is Gregers Werle, another most excellent performance by Mr. Ion Swinley. Gregers' father was formerly a middle-aged widower with an attractive housekeeper, and though most ordinary people would probably ache to be just a little uncharitable on the subject, they would doubtless end by letting discretion be the better part of valour. But Gregers is a man who cannot let well alone. He infers, from his father's allusions to the housekeeper, that that bright young person was married to Hjalmar Ekdal just in time, or thereabouts; and the exalted Idealist is obsessed by the notion that if Hjalmar can only have all the facts and deductions laid before him he and his wife will have a better understanding of each other, and their souls will more completely harmonise.

IF all the mischief done on this earth by well-meaning idealists were stood on end in one long streak pointing upwards, we should probably have complaints from Mars about the reckless way in which we dispose of our surplus poison gas. Hjalmar has hitherto been as happy in his home as a married man can hope to be, with his wife, Gina, and his daughter, Hedvig; but as soon as he has had his mind corrupted by the Idealist he feels that there is an end to his domestic felicity. He must go outside and dree his weird alone. Mr. Rosmer treats the event in a nice spirit of comedy, because after all Hjalmar is not a person to be taken seriously. Just as he is about to leave his home for ever he learns that tea is ready, and he must stop to have a bite or so to enable him to keep up his strength; and his final departure is further delayed because he cannot find his hat, and everybody knows that you can't go out into the cold, hard world without a hat.

ANOTHER performance of striking excellence is that of Mr. Brember Wills as Old Ekdal, the picture of aggressive senility being admirably presented. Ekdal is a man who, as the old song has it,

" 'as 'ad 'is bit o' trouble and done 'is bit o' time," but the last thing he is likely to adopt is an attitude of contrition. He hobbles about, resolved to get the best there is out of such life as is left to him; and in his few moments of repose he sits in the best chair of the house, smoking his pipe with quiet defiance. I do not know, by the way, if they smoke English pipes in Norway, but if they do it is at least a small return for the execrable matches they export to us. Mr. Brember Wills conveys the character of the weak-minded old man with great power, and his performance is one that it is not easy to forget.

The success of Miss Sybil Arundale as Gina (she is also associated with the management of the production) is extremely interesting. I do not think Miss Arundale has done anything so ambitious before, but she is entirely justified by events. Some years ago when music-halls were the real thing, old-fashioned patrons of such places were surprised to note an extra turn on the programme by "The Misses Grace and Sybil Arundale." With what seemed reckless daring, the management had introduced into the programme what proved to be merely a "drawing-room entertainment." Miss Sybil was only a small child, but she strutted about the stage and sang with a juvenile jollity that became popular at once. Indeed, that turn may well have paved the way for the polite entertainments that pass for music-halls to-day.

As Gina Ekdal, Miss Arundale plays with a quiet humour throughout. When the story of Gina's pink past is revealed by the Idealist, she thinks it is a pity to go and rake up that sort of thing, because Hjalmar would be quite helpless without her, anyway. Like most men who talk loudly about the tremendous burden of their family cares, he contrives to transfer those cares very completely to his wife, who, whatever her past may have been, proves to be a very present help in time of trouble.

But Hjalmar is not to be silenced all at once. What he wants to know is if Hedvig is his child or not; and all that Gina can do is to shrug her shoulders with a helpless gesture, and to protest that she hasn't the ghost of an idea on the subject. In the case of what you might call a mixed double of this sort, the problem is, of course, insoluble. But Hjalmar reasons things out in his own way. Gregers Werle says that his old father's eyesight is beginning to fail. It so happens that Hedvig is having trouble with her eyes. Doesn't that show you? By the same sort of reasoning, if the old man had been toothless Hedvig would obviously have been his child because she was born without teeth.

When Hjalmar protests that he can no longer have any love for Hedvig, Mr. Milton Rosmer interprets the man's character with a nice subtlety. We can see that Hjalmar is not really feeling the emotion, but merely acting it. When Hedvig goes to shoot the Wild Duck, and turns the weapon on herself instead because she has lost her father's love, Hjalmar and Gina are re-united in sorrow. Hedvig is the one part of the play not redeemed by any sort of humour; but Miss Angela Baddeley worries through it very satisfactorily. In spite of its rather confusing allegory *The Wild Duck*, thanks to Mr. Milton Rosmer and Miss Sybil Arundale, is presented in a most acceptable form, since over and above the agreeable humour of the play, there is left a clear if unobtrusive impression of something greater than the work of the ordinary dramatist.

JINGLE

YOGO HAMA PADS THE HOOF

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

I HAVE been reading in the newsprints commentings by Hon. medicinal Drs. who inform that soonly we shall grow to become like as jelly-fish or other masc blanc-manges

"We hied 4-th to achieve adventures"

because of not achieving sufficient exercises and suchly muscular developings. We mote, fly, sail and perform other machinery transports which necessitates us to not use our legs, so that in 3 or 400's of years we shall have grown out of our feet, which will then fall off us because of non-use, like apendices and other extinct tails.

This are very awful state of conditions to make contemplate, and I consider to myself how to make more popular the use of feet so that we shall still succeed to possess same in even 20 or 30,000 A.D. At lastly I are struck by a genius idea which causes me to achieve a b-line for a taxi-fly and order same to propel at legitimate speeds to lodgings abode of Hon. cousin name of Matsu.

"We ascertained a miles-post"

"Kindly to inform, Matsu, how you shall make spend your legal holidays?" I require, pulling the bed-warming blankets off his face.

"In bed with a severeishly locked door to non-permit damnish idiots to bust my beauty sleeps," he responsed yawning gulfishly.

"How can you make so awful confessings, Matsu, when Hon. medicinal Drs. inform that because of non-uses we shall all grow to non-possess walking feet or other pedals?" I rejoint. "Should it not be a 1,000 times more better to achieve healthish exercises so that someday we shall develop to be centi instead of only bi or even non-pedals?"

"How you suggest we shall make to become centipedes, Yogo?" he require.

"What more better as a footing tour!" I ejacule. "Think how luscious it shall be to imbibe the pure and petrolless air, to pad our hoofs in sweetish arboreal lanes, dells and other rustic chasms. Also we shall succeed to acquire very authentic informations which, when imprint in Hon. BYSTANDER, shall cause 1,000's of persons to imbless us."

We made to assiduously study maps, plans and other designs for where we shall pad our hoofs to, and at lastly we decide to set our noses for Lands End because not anybody could walk further, but only swim. For benefits of Hon. Bystanders who shall seek to step in our footprints the as follows few hintings should be stupendously valuable. 1-stly each person should provide with a backsack to not weigh more as 3 or 4 cwts. We ourselves carried the vizly necessities in our neck-bags: 1 pr foot socks, 1 lb tobacco, 4 smoking pipes, 6 bottles of emergency beer, 1 nose handkerchief, 1 screw-driver, 1 spare bootlace, 1 bottle of jam, 1 patent fire-extinguisher, also candles, soap, glue, telephone dictionary and address of Hon. BYSTANDER cashier.

"We made to assiduously study maps"

Then 1 so beautiful morning at very a.m. we hied 4-th to achieve adventures and other rareish perks.

"Are it not more beautiful as a paradise to gulp the taintless air and imbibe the wind on the hearth brother, also to hark the birds and other feathered tribes disgorging notes, Matsu?" I declaim.

"O yes," he response, "also it causes

"We ensconced in an compartment"

me to shamefully blush for the 1,000's of sluggers emitting nose snores in their beds this so angelical morning, Yogo."

We hoofed our pads for numerous hours and miles after miles, and the sun shone with extreme ferocity, causing us to very profusely leak in our faces.

"Should you not imagine to suppose we almost have arrive to at or about Hon. Lands End, Yogo?" Matsu impant.

"O no," I repop, "we must have 7 or 13 more of miles to impad at the very leastly. You must sustain your plucks, Matsu, and contemplate the so great deeds of Hon. C. Columbia, Hon. Sir Nansen, Hon. Livingstone and other icy exploring persons who grumblelessly padded for 1,000's of non-stop miles with not even a groan."

(Continued on page 394)

"Newlyn are famous for artistics"

NEW MODEL BENTLEY

"LIGHT TOURER"

Messrs. Bentley Motors, Ltd., beg to announce that they are now in a position to supply a new Three-Litre light touring model at the following prices:

Chassis with complete equipment - - - -	£795
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This chassis is additional to the Standard Long Wheelbase and speed models, which will be continued as before.

THIS model has been produced in answer to a strong demand for a Three-Litre Bentley combining the main features of the standard long chassis, but with a shorter wheelbase.

A roomy and very comfortable four/five seater touring body is fitted with a well-protected back seat, and with an inclined foot-rest.

The car retains all the qualities of speed, endurance, and trouble-free service of the present Three-Litre design. It is very silent, with remarkable flexibility on top gear, while the change speed is particularly easy.

This model is available for inspection, and trial runs can be arranged at

3, HANOVER COURT, HANOVER STREET, W.1.

WOODWRIGHT *Telephone: Mayfair 1371.*

When I think almost we must have arrive to our gaol, we ascertained a miles-post which depicted "To Lands End 300 miles" on 1 poke, and "To Paddington 1 mile" on the obverse poke.

"Have you not observe, Yogo, how enormously wonderful are the works

"The ascents are very precip"

of man?" Matsu declam. "For not so much as 2£'s we can be transport on steam to almost Lands End. How much more advancements we have achieved to accomplish than the extinct persons of the Black Ages."

"Indeedly yes, Matsu," I repop. "Also I cannot help to think it are awfully non-grateful and wicked to wear out our human hoofs, when benevolent steam companies produce us iron 1's for only 1½d. per a mile."

"Non-doubtfully so, Yogo. Let us strive to be non-wicked, otherwisely we shall not successfully join Hon. ancestors when defunct, but grow to be only limbees and suchly bodyless shades."

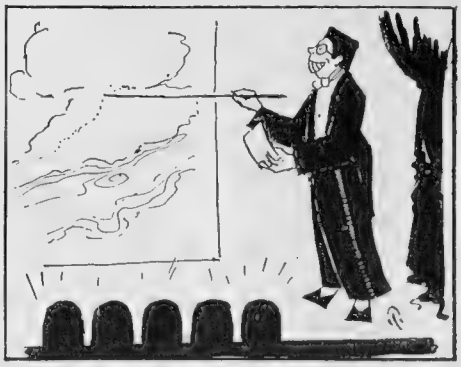
Before not so very long we ensconced in a compartment from Paddington and were arrived at Penzance on or about p.m.

"How marvellish it are to meditate the 1,000's of miles we have succeeded to non-fatigueishly pad on the iron hoofs," Matsu bemused. "I cannot help to think we have made perform a very heroish deed almost like as Stanley Columbus, Hon. Sir Hudson Bey, and other *explorati*."

"That are so," I rebark, "but let us now preamble to Newlyn to witness Hon. artistics, masc and femn, portraying pictorial and other genius works."

Newlyn are famous for artistics who depict ships, water, fish and other nature beauties in 3 colours by only hand for guineas per sq. ft. Having made purchase a picture post-office card for 1½d. we pushed for Lands End. The ascents are very precip and about 1 in 1½ per cent. which causes enormous fatigues to the feet and expenditures

"Accost by fierce native persons"



"Prof. Y. Hama, the so famous land-trotter"

of wind. Breathing in short pants, we succeeded to arrive to Lands End which, if not for numerous miles of water, would be U.S.A. Here we were accost by fierce native persons who demanded we should witness some caves at per 1/- a head, but we think it should very perhapsly cost more as a 1/- per a head for safe exits, so politeishly declined with a refusal.

Societies, bodies and other publics wishing to hear the a/c of our so perilous explorings and great footings trek through the so far West, can acquire same at 10£'s per feeing from Prof. Y. Hama, the so famous land-trotter. (See his "Paddings for Pleasure" at 7/6 per net, also "London to Lands End by Hoof" per net 7/6.)

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your good healths continue to successfully non-abate,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

POLO ON THE RHINE

By Capt. H. A. Young

An impression of a practice game between the 1st King's Dragoon Guards and the Gunners on the Kalk grounds. The Rhine Army Inter-Regimental Tournament is due to open at Kalk on August 17

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THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE SHOW AT DUBLIN

A Few of Those Who Were "Among Those Present" at the Royal Dublin Horse Show Last Week

Topical

PRESIDENT COSGRAVE (left), THE RIGHT HON. L. S. AMERY, P.C., MR. T. HEALY, K.C., and LADY LAVERY

Sport and General

MRS. MALISE GRAHAM and LADY POWERSCOURT

L.N.A.

MR. A. SMITH-BINGHAM, THE HON. DOREEN WINGFIELD, MRS. SMITH-BINGHAM, and MR. MAITLAND EDGE

I.B.

MISS KAVANAGH (left) and LADY HELEN McCALMONT

The great event of the social year in Dublin is the Royal Horse Show, which always draws a large number of entries—and the many who helped to keep this year's

L.N.A.

LORD ROSSE (left), MME. DE LICHTERVELDE, MISS GUINNESS, LADY MARY PARSONS, MISS HOPE VERE, MISS B. WILLIAMS, and MISS O. GUINNESS

Sport and General

CAPT. BROWNING, MISS STAPLETON BRETHERTON, LORD GRENFELL, and MRS. DUDGEON

Sport and General

SIR HAROLD and LADY NUTTING

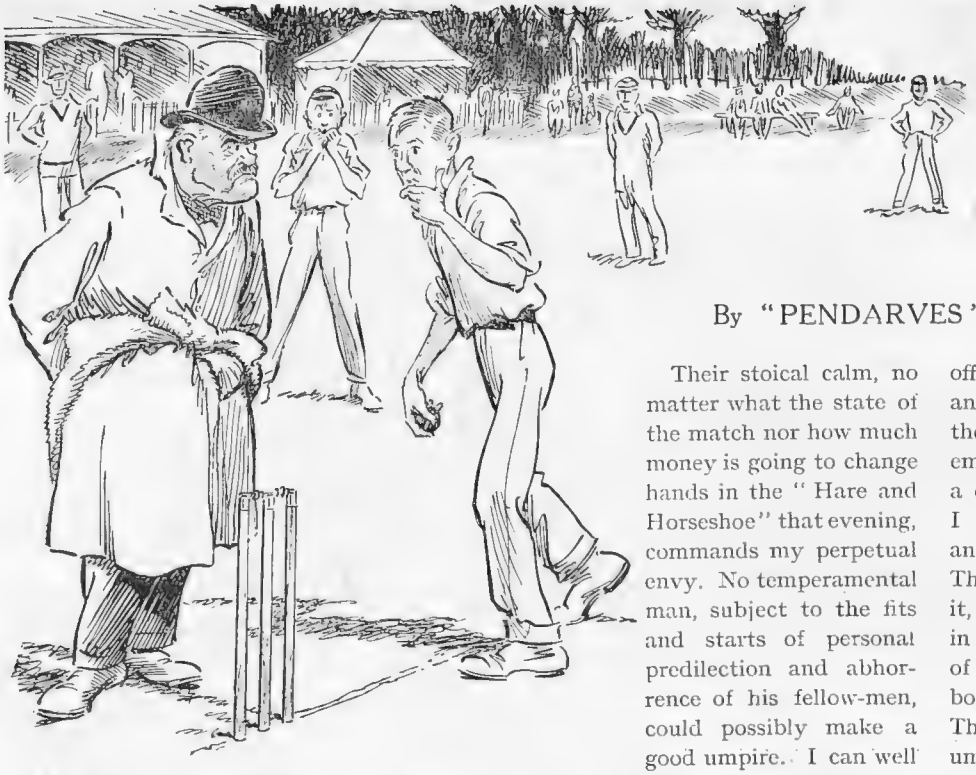
L.N.A.

MR. and MRS. KEVIN O'HIGGINS

I. B.

LADY FINGAL (left), MRS. NIGEL-BARING, MISS FEATHERSTONHAUGH AND MISS HAMILTON

very much larger "gallery"—to what is unquestionably *the* event of the season in Ireland. Above are seen some of ow well up to the usual social standard



Concerning Cricket

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

By "PENDARVES" *Sketches by RIP*

THE two men in the white coats who stand at the wicket, alternating solemnly to square leg as the long day wears on, have all my admiration and sympathy.

The evening papers never give them headlines. You never see placards bearing the portentous words, "Bedford Again!" or "Buswell Lets 'Em Survive!" All you ever see is their names, in very small print, at the bottom of the analysis of bowling on Match Cards. And yet if it was not for their glum presence there would be no game.

In places not quite so swagger and orthodox as Lord's and the Oval the white man is burdened with pieces of other people's wearing-apparel as well as his own. In addition to being the arbiter of every man's fate, he becomes also a sort of perambulating clothes-horse. In our town on Saturdays, Mr. Button—whose versatility covers the field of Fishmonger and Poulterer from Monday to Friday, Umpire on Saturday, and Sidesman on Sunday—generally leaves the field at the end of an innings carrying upon his portly person three sweaters, four caps, a clasp knife, three bunches of keys, two note cases, and about 24*s.* 8*d.* in silver and copper belonging to absent-minded fielders of our side. But, of course, on County Grounds an Umpire is by way of being a plutocrat.

On *our* ground, after an unsuccessful and highly dubious appeal by about five of us, it is no uncommon thing to hear from mid-on or third slip some such *sotto voce* remark as "Oh, I *say*, Butt, ol'boy!" Mr. Button, I need hardly add, maintains that imperturbability of countenance in the face of hostile public opinion so inseparably bound up with the career of all successful umpires.

Their stoical calm, no matter what the state of the match nor how much money is going to change hands in the "Hare and Horseshoe" that evening, commands my perpetual envy. No temperamental man, subject to the fits and starts of personal predilection and abhorrence of his fellow-men, could possibly make a good umpire. I can well imagine my feelings, for instance, at the sight of that pestilential fellow Perkins, swanking in to bat. Every word he utters in the golf club smoking-room in the winter makes me writhe—moreover he owes me a fiver, and has done for months past. Well, of course, I should lick my lips and say, "*Now*, my bonny-bright-eyed boy," or some grim phrase of that sort. And at the sound of the very *first* click of ball off pad and the staccato "h-aaasatt?" from somebody, I should point the remorseless finger at him and back

he would go to the place whence he came, there to . . . etc. It would be great fun for everyone, except preposterous Mr. Perkins. . . . . .

But our umpires are not like that, bless 'em. They all seem to represent the honour and stability of Britain, and much of her dignity and slowness off the initial mark. You can't hurry an umpire. Nor can you ever induce them, when on the field, to express any emotion. Yes, sometimes. I heard of a case the other day (I wish devoutly I had been there) when a nameless, and curious, gentleman was bowling. The batsman played at the ball, missed it, and it went, quite obviously to close-in fielders, off his pads into the hands of short leg. The bowler, drawing a bow at a venture, claimed for l.b.w. This "try-on" seemed to annoy the umpire, whose stentorian reply, "N-o-t Out!" in the words of a spectator, "shook the glass in the Pavilion clock." Not content with this devastating retort, the bowler came once again up to the scratch with "How's that for caught, then?" The umpire, having got himself instantly under control, merely stared, saying nothing, and went on staring with a world of meaning in his eyes until the bowler thought fit to turn and walk away preparatory to delivering the next ball. A small thing, but what would you and I have said *that second time*?

We sometimes take some sort of notice of the white man by indulging in writing letters about him to the newspapers. Somebody starts a correspondence, the lilt of the song being "What should the umpire have done under those circumstances?" A delightful opportunity, of course, for the noble army of letter-writers to get their opinions aired in print. There was a lot of it the other day. It revolved round the question "what should a man do who is given 'not out' when he knows he is. Should he walk out like a hero? Should he say, 'good egg, this,' and go on and make a century? Should he turn courteously to the erring white man, lift his cap, and say, 'perfect gent: that thou art'? Or should he get purposely out of his crease next ball and retire 'stumped'?"

Everyone, of course, had a certain and absolute remedy, and the correspondence went on for days, to the great delight of a Sub-Editor.

One man summed the whole thing up very simply by a quotation, thus:

> So when the One Great Scorer
> Comes to write against your name,
> He won't record the result of the match
> But how you played the game.

Well, a white man wrote that, anyway.

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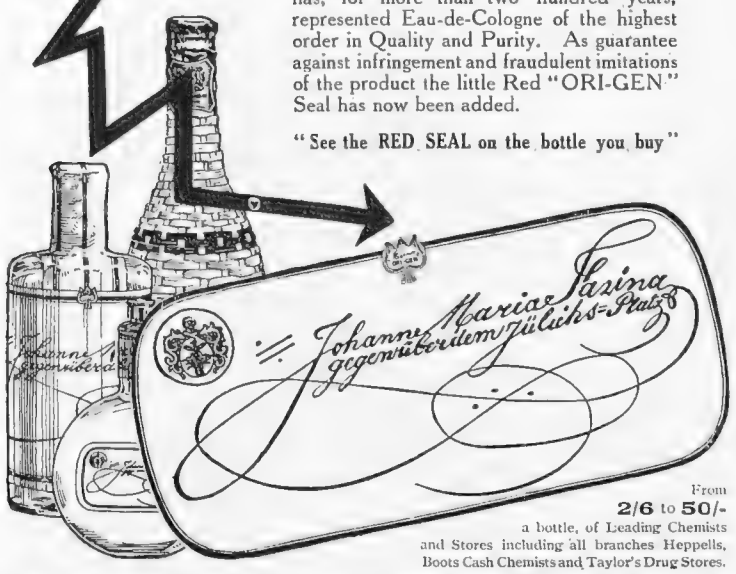

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the Burberry Suit is still the most comfortable kit. The cloths, although weatherproof, retain natural ventilation and are beautifully light and cool—just right for tramping rough country under a hot sun.

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RACING NOTIONS

By "Carbine"

Coronach

It may be a bit early to talk about champion two-year-olds, but to judge by what he did at Goodwood Lord Woolavington has bred a smasher in Coronach, and I am quite convinced that it will take something very much out of the common to lower his colours. Fred Darling, who has won the Derby twice in four seasons, now has a youngster who may do the trick again for the Beckhampton stable. Of course, the autumn will bring out some young cracks of whom nothing is known so far by the public. Yet I do not think Coronach will compare unfavourably with them in size and character. He is not one of the medium-sized ones. In grandeur he takes after his sire, Hurry On, one of the most magnificent specimens of the thoroughbred of his day. The two-year-old possesses great speed, and in view of his pedigree there is no reason why he should not stay.

Review Order

I EXPECT Coronach's next outing will be in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, when we shall be able to gauge his merits more accurately than is possible to-day. I hope that Review Order will be brought out against him on the Town Moor, for this colt also made a great impression at Goodwood. He won his race there in the style of a regular workman, and he looks a hardy sort who will stand the wear and tear of training. I imagine he is the best of the youngsters in Mr. "Atty" Persse's stable. Other colts engaged in the Champagne Stakes include Colorado, Swift and Sure and Apple Sammy. Perhaps it is too much to hope that they will all be in rivalry at Doncaster, but in any case it should be a highly interesting race.

The St. Leger

It is satisfactory to learn that Manna continues to do well, and the Derby winner looks like being at the top of his form for the St. Leger. Breeding experts say that a son of Phalaris will not stay the St. Leger course, but they said much the same about Manna and the Derby. Fred Darling thinks his colt will do the journey all right, and nobody's opinion is entitled to more respect. There is very little betting on the race so far. Prices offered about Manna and Solario are in no way tempting, and one ought to be able to get just as good odds about them on the day of the race. I do not think there will be any lack of useful outsiders in the last of the classic events. Bucellas, who has been very backward all the year, is just beginning to give Basil Jarvis real hope that he will be back to his best form next month. Kentish Knock and Pons Asinorum are a couple of Newmarket outsiders who will have to be reckoned with. The Whatcombe stable have two formidable competitors in Zambo and Zionist, while there is still a chance that Picaroon may be fit to run. At present it is assumed that Saucy Sue will not compete, though the point is not settled.

BY "THE TOUT"

GORDON RICHARDS

Who has the distinction at present of heading the list of winning flat-race jockeys

Redcar

This week the round of North Country meetings will be continued at Redcar, which is always one of the most pleasant of them. The fixture is well supported by the county people, headed by the veteran Marquis of Zetland, and you can always be sure of entertaining racing. Some smart two-year-olds are engaged in the Redcar Foal Plate on Wednesday. If **Review Order** goes I should not look beyond him for the winner. In his absence I choose LOVE'S STORY. On the second day **Le Mantouan** may successfully give the weight away in the Redcar Handicap. At Kempton on Wednesday I select **Green Fire** for the Greenwood Plate, while **Ducks and Drakes** may take the Princess Plate on the second day.

GROUSE SHOOTING

By A. W. Coaten

Outlook on the Moors

Grouse shooting and cub-hunting begin almost simultaneously, but the latter will be kept very much on the quiet side for a while, and birds rather than foxes are chiefly interesting at the moment. What sort of season will it be on the moors? That is the absorbing question for those who are going north for the shooting, and in spite of rather dismal experiences in many quarters last year there is plenty of hopefulness that all will be well this time. Nobody, however, can tell with any degree of certainty how the birds are going to turn out until the season actually begins. I have a note from Mr. R. H. Rimington-Wilson, the owner of the famous Broomhead Moors, and he contents himself with cautiously thinking that "the season should be a average one." There have been wonderful days in the past over this not very extensive moor, and I think the record is held there by the party of nine guns which secured 2,743 grouse in the course of a day's driving.

An Average Season

This prediction of an "average season" appears to be typical of the majority of the reports which have come from the north. The heather, on which grouse chiefly subsist, was not a very satisfactory crop last autumn, but fortunately the winter months were not particularly severe, and in most places the old birds were not badly off for food. A drawback, however, was the very wet spring, as a result of which many nests were flooded and a number of young birds were drowned. The survivors, however, are strong and healthy for the most part. It is encouraging to know that the heather has done well lately, and is now approaching something like perfection on the moors. A certain amount of ground in Scotland was not shot over last season owing to the comparative dearth of birds, and it will be interesting to ascertain how this policy will pan out.

Wharfedale

It is expected that there will be a better show of birds on the Wharfedale moors than was the case last year, when the King had a week's shooting there with the Duke of Devonshire. In spite of the relative shortness of grouse and a good deal of bad weather, the party got a total bag of 733 brace on that occasion. His Majesty, who has long held the reputation of being one of the best shots in the country, was in excellent form. On the Knockando moors, where Lord Woolavington entertains his friends, the outlook is described as fairly bright. Conditions on the whole have been favourable there this year, but the breeding stock was smaller than was the case a few years ago. Still, there was a total bag there last year of over 2,000 brace, including 225 brace on the best day.

In the Highlands

The Cawdor moors promise to yield some more good sport. Mr. Percy Chubb and his party got 689 brace there on one day last season, 625 on another outing, and 582 on a third, but these figures were not so good as those achieved in the best seasons on Lord Cawdor's fine moors. Activity in the leasing of moors and forests has been fully up to the average this season, and there is not the slightest sign of any waning in the popularity of the sport. It is recorded that three and a half million acres are under deer in Scotland, divided into one hundred and fifty forests. Experience has shown that all this afforested land is suitable for any other purpose. One can really appreciate, therefore, the satisfaction with which the opening of the shooting season is greeted in the Highlands.

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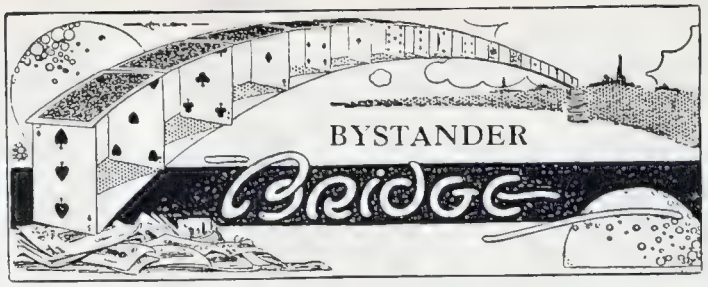
Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams 103



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

INFORMATORY DOUBLES

SCENE: *A well-known Club. A member who has been dining out, not wisely, cuts in.* "A" (a good player) leads a Heart. Diner-Out (his partner) holds King, Jack and another, and puts on the Jack. It turns out very badly. After the hand, Diner-Out to his partner: "Think I was right to finesse Jack of Hearts?"

"A" (with good humoured chuckle); "I generally put on the King *before* dinner. *After* dinner I sometimes play the Jack."

. . . . . .

Nearly two years ago I wrote about the American informatory doubles that "whether one likes them or not, agrees or disagrees with them, they have in my opinion come to stay." In spite of keen opposition they have at last obtained a footing in what Mr. Dalton describes as "the sacred portals of the Portland Club," and he says there is little doubt that they will soon become general. It is quite true that these doubles do make the game more interesting, diversified and amusing. At the same time they are often most woefully misapplied. The informatory double is a two-edged weapon. Wrongly used it may prove most disastrous to the doubler.

. . . . . .

Undoubtedly the most profitable and usually successful conventional double is that of a suit bid. We all have experience of holding good No-Trumps hands with weakness or bareness in the suit originally called. The practice of some players is to bid No-Trumps on them, hoping to find their partners with a guard in the adverse suit. But this is not sound bidding. The double is far more effective.

Doubling an initial suit bid of one or two means that the doubler has strength in the other three suits but no guard in the suit just bid. Note that it does *not* mean that the doubler thinks he can defeat the adverse bid. It indicates that he has a No-Trumper except for the suit named. It is, therefore, the duty of his partner to go No-Trumps if he can stop the suit twice. Otherwise he must call his own longest suit, even if it be only four to the nine. He must not leave the double in unless he is so strong in the suit named that he can see substantial penalties.

The result of the procedure is to make the player who has not got the No-Trumper play the hand, and the advantage is that the first lead comes up to instead of through him. This may make a No-Trump successful which would otherwise fail.

. . . . . .

Here are two examples of good doubles under the system: Z calls a Spade. A holding: S—x, x; H—A, K, x, x; D—A, Q, x; C—A, K, x, x, should double, or holding: S—None; H—A, J, x, x; D—A, K, 10, x; C—K, 10, x, x, x.

This double of one or two of a suit should not be made, says Mr. Milton Work, without real strength in each of the other three suits, and it should guarantee at least five tricks for the partner's declaration, whatever it may be. The double guarantees material help for any bid the partner may make. One point which is very important but which is frequently overlooked is that "the doubler must have a minimum of three cards in each of the other three suits, otherwise the hand does not fulfil the guarantee!"

. . .

Played on these principles the suit double is effective eight times out of ten. I do not mean that it will enable your partner to go game eight times out of ten. But, roughly speaking, it will win for you eight times where it loses twice. My experience, however, is that many players make this double on insufficient strength. The possession of three or even four Aces is not sufficient to make the double. Nor should it be made on a freak hand. The more normal and the better distributed the strength, the stronger the double.

The suit double is particularly useful in the rubber game or where opponents are something up towards game, and you do not want them to go out cheaply. I will enlarge on the subject next week.

. . . . . .

With regard to my remarks in THE BYSTANDER, July 29, on leg-pulling, a correspondent writes me from the Royal Automobile Club that the hand I quoted as alleged to have been played at the Yarborough Club, Calcutta, is nearly the same as one given in a book, *Five of Clubs*, by Richard A. Proctor, over forty years ago. Proctor was Astronomer-Royal and an authority on Whist, ranking with Cavendish. The hand occurred at Whist, and is known as the Duke of Cumberland hand. It was played in the rooms at Bath. Here is the distribution:

S—9, 7, 6, 3, 2.
H—J, 8, 7, 6, 4, 2.
D—Q, J.
C—None.

S—None. H—None. D—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 C—A, Q, 10, 8.	*Y* *A* *B* *Z*	S—10, 8, 5, 4. H—10, 9, 5, 3. D—None. C—6, 5, 4, 3, 2.

S—A, K, Q, J.
H—A, K, Q.
D—A, K.
C—K, J, 9, 7.

B dealt and turned up the 2 of Clubs, this suit thus becoming trumps. Z led the 7 of Clubs (Proctor says, correctly) and never made a trick.

. . . . . .

I have not seen Proctor's *Five of Clubs*, but I have his books *How to Play Whist* and *Chance and Luck*. The hand given by my correspondent is in principle exactly the same as that of "Jack of Spades" in *The Statesman* of Calcutta, and that of Sam Hellman in *Low Bridge and Punk Pungs*. But while the hand is credible at Whist where the turned-up card becomes trumps, it is quite incredible as an Auction Bridge hand on account of the bidding, which, as I stated, could not have occurred outside a lunatic asylum.

WINNERS OF FINGER-PRINT COMPETITION, No. 6

WE print below the names of the readers who successfully claimed their finger-prints, published under the heading of Selection No. 6, in our issue of July 29th. A cheque for One Guinea has been sent to each of these entrants.

Mrs. L. M. BEESLEY, 1, Ondine Road, S.E.15; Miss A. BATES, 23, Royal Albert Buildings, Cartwright Street, E.C.4; Mrs. M. MUSSELWHITE, 141A, Wickersley Road, Battersea; E. H. MARRIOTT, 74, Colworth Road, Leytonstone, E.11; Mrs. G. FULLER, 57, Eversleigh Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.; A. G. HONEYBALL, 98, Hardy Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19; W. GREVILLE, 105, Headcorn Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey; A. E. MOORCOCK, 152, Houndsditch, E.1; A. KNOWLES, 29, St. James's Road, Liverpool; F. S. COTTELL, 57, Rye Hill Park, Peckham Rye, S.E.15; Mrs. E. OATES, 133, Acre Lane, Brixton; JOHN ROBERTS, 54, Dorien Road, Raynes Park, S.W.20; L. M. ELLIS, 1, Dean Street, Coventry; E. CHERRILL, 6, Malthouse Lane, Dorchester, nr. Wallingford, Berks; K. SPRY, 19, Blegborough Road, Streatham, S.W.16; F. JONES, Vine Cottage, Dudley Road, Ventnor, I.W.; W. E. JARMAN, 54, Castlands Road, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.6; Mrs. F. GARRETT, 10, Birdhurst Road, Collier's Wood, Merton, S.W.19; Miss ANNIE SMITH, 25, Harewood Road, Merton, S.W.19; HARRY DAVIES, 123A, Milward Road, Hastings, Sussex; W. A. JACKSON, Grasmere, 69, Charlotte Street, Walsall; J. BERRY, Cornwallis Street, Barrow-in-Furness; H. JONES, Vine Cottage, Dudley Road, Ventnor, I.W.; Mrs. A. ATKINS, 1, Bruce Park Parade, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.

HAVE WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOUR FINGER-PRINT YET?

You may win a Guinea every week. *For details and coupon, see page* 406.

BY WILL OWEN

SAUCE -HOLLANDAISE

BUCHANAN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

FEMINA

TOIL.

By "CANDIDA"

THEY'RE still at it, and by "they" I mean the public, although it's not a polite word, and no one likes to hear it applied to him, or herself, and "it" stands for that absorbing occupation over which you pore with a pencil, a dictionary and a frown. Last week, when I left London, no one was buying us—us, the witty, the popular, or the merely deserving magazines. At Victoria the small boy who walks the platform with food for your brain—the witty and popular aforesaid, and food for—well, never mind; the small boy, as I was saying, was having a slack time of it. All the way from London, past the wide, silver ribbon of the Thames, by those green orchards which the guide-books call the garden of England, and across the channel, where tall poplars run on either side of long, straight roads and little winding rivers, on to no matter where, no matter how, for it's all the same when once you've taken to the vice—I mean to cross-word puzzling. The outlook doesn't matter; events don't count so long as they don't interfere with one's thinking apparatus. Only from time to time somebody murmurs from the opposite side of the carriage: "Have you ever heard of a Sanscrit scholar who lived at Amsterdam in 1520, or thereabouts?" "No, I haven't." "Do you know of a Chinese philosopher born something something B.C.?" "No." "Or the name of a bit of machinery that's used for carbonizing wool?" "Goodness, no; no one does, except perhaps a mechanic." To him who doesn't—cross-word puzzle I mean—the habit seems sheer lunacy. And to think, said I to myself, that all these good people are supposed to be going away for pleasure!

OF course, you know all about the old reproach concerning the sad way we take our pleasures. Is it surprising when you consider that pleasure, more often than not, is a disappointing business at the time of taking? But this modern habit of making a pleasure out of sheer concentration and brain fag, how to account for it? When first they imported cross-word puzzles from New York, or somewhere, I felt sure that it wouldn't last. But it has. It's lasted so well that it's even crept into coats. Last week, as I was flying round in the usual hectic way to collect a few of the indispensables one always does forget till the last minute, they showed me the latest thing in coats with collars and cuffs of neat black and white squares which looked for all the world like the diagrams that have been defacing our papers for months. "What's the idea?" I asked. "*Les mots croisés.*" How different it sounds in French, and how smart! Quite the *dernier cri* for coats and jumpers and things, and a *nouveauté de Paris, cela va sans dire.* Where else would one dream of wearing one's heart, or let's say one's obsession, on one's sleeve?

YOU'LL gather that I haven't been bitten. In a world where it's difficult enough to find the right word in talking, let alone in writing, it's sheer waste of time and energy to go fumbling after words you're not obliged to squeeze out of a tired brain. Word-hunting is very poor sport, unless you do it for a living, and then it all depends on the hunter. Everybody isn't born brilliant, and when I listen to some sort of talk I feel inclined to say what an unkind person once said to a lady who had deluged him with futilities "just to keep the ball rolling." "Don't encourage that ball," he said; "if you feel you *must* talk it's much better to run through the letters of the alphabet and ask Providence to arrange them for you." And a much better job He'd make of it, he didn't add, though obviously he meant it.

PEOPLE don't care about leaving things to Providence. Actually they like taking trouble. Genius, someone's said, is an infinite capacity for taking pains. I don't know about the genius part of it; it's the painstaking capacity itself which is infinite. And it isn't even modern, now that I come to think of it. It's as old as the world, or nearly. When the first bold, bad baron had finished robbing everybody, and life was comfortably serene in his moated castle, he insisted on starting on his first crusade. When—— but I needn't go on. This habit of making work is universal. It's a truth so vast that it will cover without being stretched out of shape all of time, all of art and literature, of war and peace, of love and life, of sport, even of cross-word puzzles.

LOOK, for instance, at the pictures. It would have been so much easier not to paint them. Why, the task of only trying to understand what they're all about is beyond most of us! And read the poems, especially the newest poems. The trouble that somebody must have taken to prevent them from rhyming and from meaning anything obvious! And the games which nobody plays at, but works with, as once upon a time one worked only for an exam! From the very beginning we live as if joy and ease had never been invented. No sooner have we finished with the toilsome tragedy we call our education than we begin falling in love. And then when we're middle-aged and philosophic and might enjoy life at last, there comes the strenuous endeavour to keep in love when it would be so much easier to fall out of it. After all, why grumble at cross-word puzzles, which are harmless enough, and don't hurt anyone but the puzzled, while there's so much unnecessary toil toiling on to make the world go round?

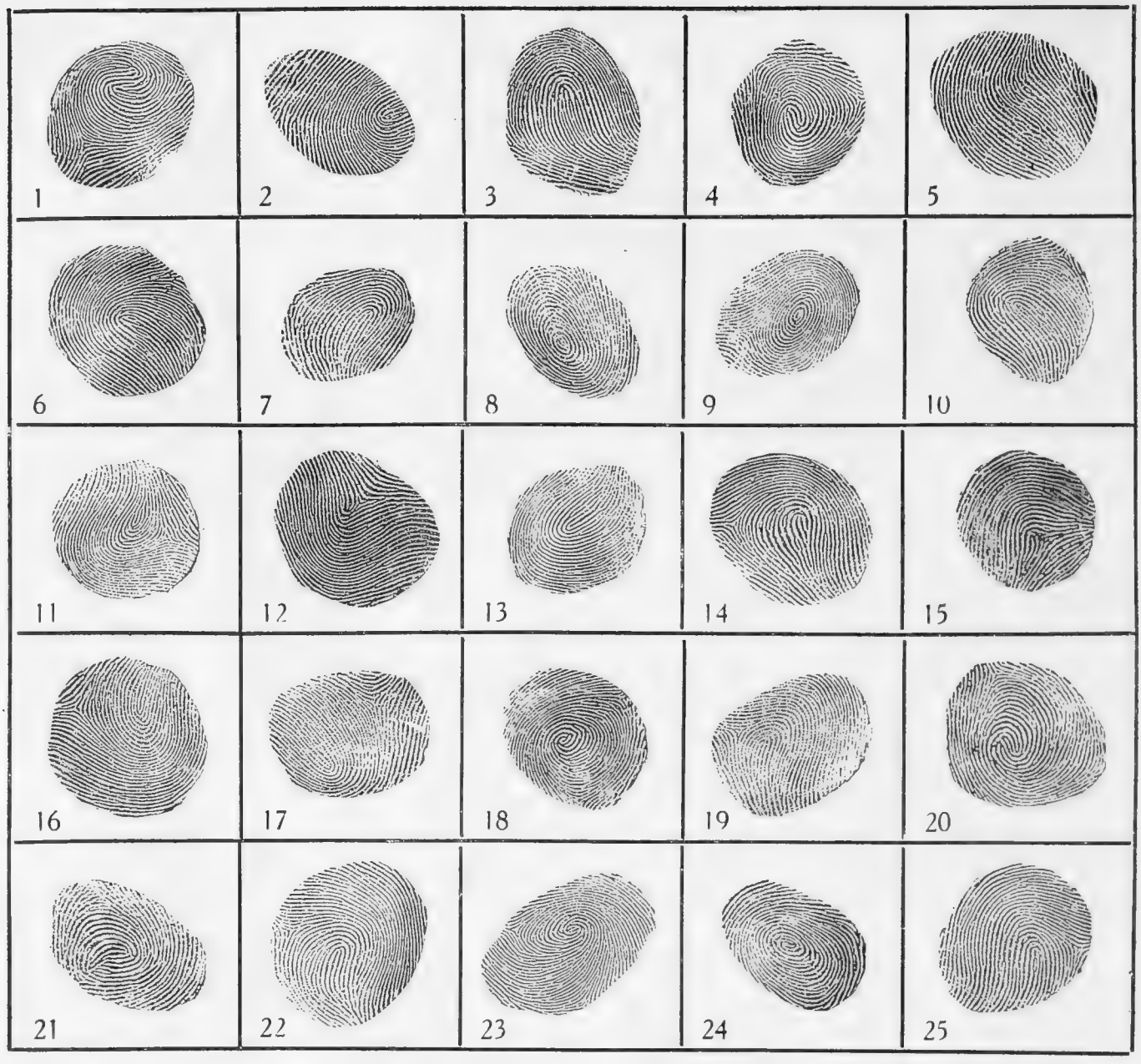
MISS JOAN PICKERING

Who, with her partner Dany Fer, has been dancing at the British Section of the Paris Exhibition, and at the Kursaal, Ostend. This month they will be at the Carlton Hotel, Vichy

ON A SOFT THING!

Miss Sigrid Holmquist, the Vitagraph star, indulging in a "still" after some energetic swimming in the Thames. Appropriately enough, Miss Holmquist ensures that her literature for the occasion shall be anything but dry!

MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT



SELECTION No. 8

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before August 3. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, August 17. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of August 26) examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own finger-print from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims in the case of the selection reproduced above should reach us by first post on Wednesday, August 19, the envelope being marked "CLAIM No. 8."

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 10

August 12, 1925

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, August 17

Only one thumb to be placed in this square

A list of prize-winners who successfully identified their finger-prints in our sixth selection (published July 29) will be found on page 402.

The car that's a year ahead!

IN looks, performance and value the New Overland Six-Cylinder Four-Door Saloon de-Luxe is a year ahead of anything previously produced in its class. On the first count, its long low luxurious lines, gently rounded roof, and charming colour scheme of blue and grey break away completely from the square monotonous appearance of the moderate priced saloons hitherto obtainable.

Handsome is as handsome does and the performance of the New Six-Cylinder Four-Door Saloon de-Luxe is as distinguished as its appearance. It has the lightning acceleration associated with the highest priced cars, but the only way to appreciate its real capabilities is to try it on the road. May we arrange a demonstration for you? No obligation.

Write to day. *Folder B.Y. post free*
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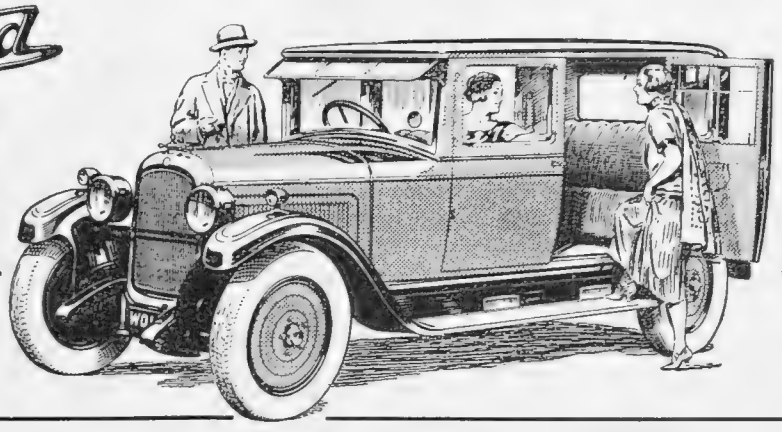
The NEW

Overland 8



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ATTRACTIVE Badminton Shirt (as sketch) made in reliable quality crepe de Chine, perfectly cut on simple lines, box pleated fronts finishing in two patch pockets. In Ivory, Grey, Beige, Champagne, 13 to 14½.

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***Good quality Velour Hat** in a large range of colours. Price* *39/6*

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DOGGY INTELLIGENCE

A SEASIDE EXPERIENCE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE New Forest Canine Association holds its Show at Brockenhurst to-day (Wednesday), and the Wallingford Show next Wednesday should be a pleasant up-river function. Devon is a county of good Dogs and keen Dog-lovers, so one is glad to learn of the revival this year, by a new society, of an old doggy tamasha that was first-rate in its day—the Barnstaple Show, to be held next Tuesday.

The Canine Defence League asks for a return to pre-War "free drinks for Dogs"; for the provision, that is, of drinking dishes outside shop and public door-ways. Every drinking-trough provided for horses should be furnished with a subsidiary trough beneath it for Dogs' use. Drinking dishes in door-ways should be refilled several times daily, and fastened on something a little above ground level. This helps to prevent them being fouled.

Writing from Deauville, Mrs. Bickerstaffe comments upon "Lieut.-Colonel Ret.'s" last week's remarks on newspaper instances of "alleged special intelligence displayed by Dogs"; regretting that these rarely do justice to the Dogs, and frequently suggest that the average human notion of doggy education is confined to "senseless and humiliating kinds of monkey tricks. Well-bred dogs, apart from their keen intelligence, are naturally gentlefolk, and, given half a chance in the matter of rational education, will never offend or inconvenience any more than human gentlefolk. Where they do offend it should be recognised for what it is: a reflection on the breeding and taste of their human owners. When educated their general behaviour is admirable, the growth of their powers of deduction remarkable.

"Two years ago I went with my sister to stay in a certain seaside resort, and took with me my two-year-old Cocker Spaniel, Roany. Most mornings I went down to the sea-water swimming-baths for a dip before breakfast, and took Roany with me. They were three-quarters of a mile from the house in which we stayed, at the other end of a busy town. Last summer (after an interval of thirteen months) we visited the same place, again taking Roany, who was introduced to my bedroom during the first evening, but accommodated for the night in a small back kitchen, which I gathered was not being used. Next morning—Sunday—it happened that I decided to go to church for early service, and that my sister—generally indifferent to bathing—decided for a swim, going out for that purpose shortly after I left the house. On my return I was greeted with the perturbing news that Roany had disappeared, his back-kitchen door having been opened and left momentarily ajar. That he had visited my bedroom was obvious—its door also being left ajar—for there were his dusty foot-prints on the side of one of the bed-sheets; but of Roany himself not a trace could be found. Half an hour later he arrived with my sister, she having found him, greatly to her puzzlement, waiting in the vestibule of the swimming baths when she came out. At first he had refused to leave the place with her, telling her as plainly as he could that he must wait for me. Finally, she had fastened a towel to his collar by way of enforcing moral suasion. Thirteen months' interval, three-quarters of a mile across a busy town, memory, deductive reasoning in the bedroom, general intelligence: all surely well above the 'trick-learning' level."

You can count on keeping your

Willys Knight

two or *three* times as long as other cars.

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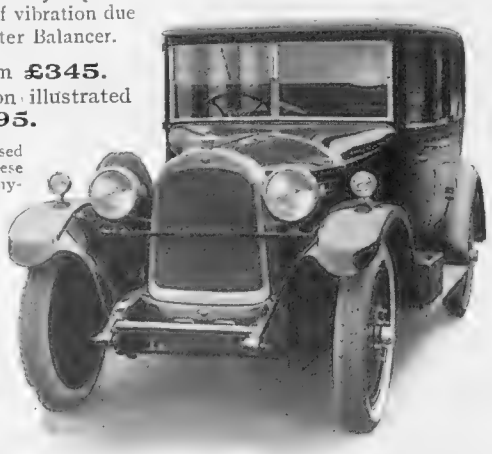
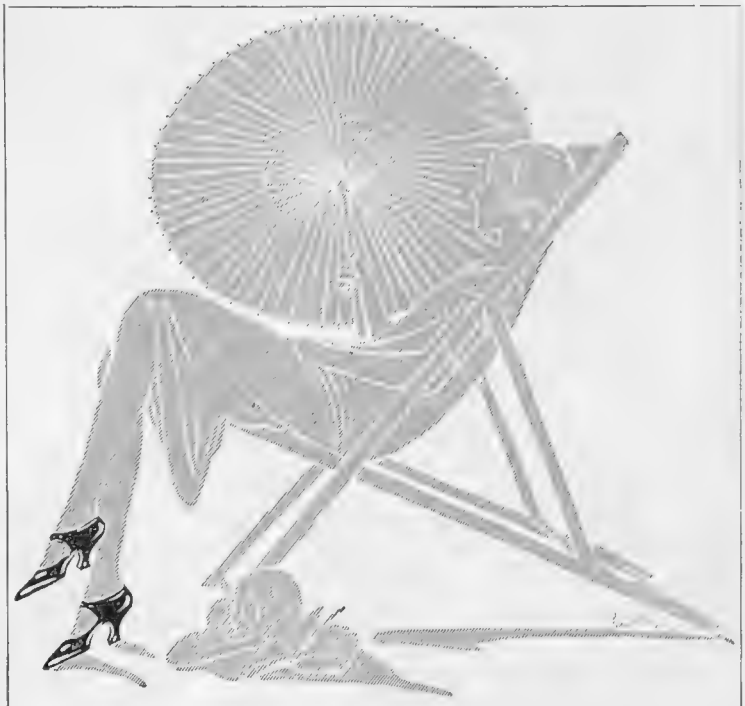
We shall be pleased to demonstrate these qualities to you anywhere in the British Isles without obligation.



Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., Stockport; Manchester, and 151/153 Gt. Portland Street, W.1. Brochure "BR" post free.



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No, not in Summer. But You can see them all the year round in

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The World's News in Pictures.

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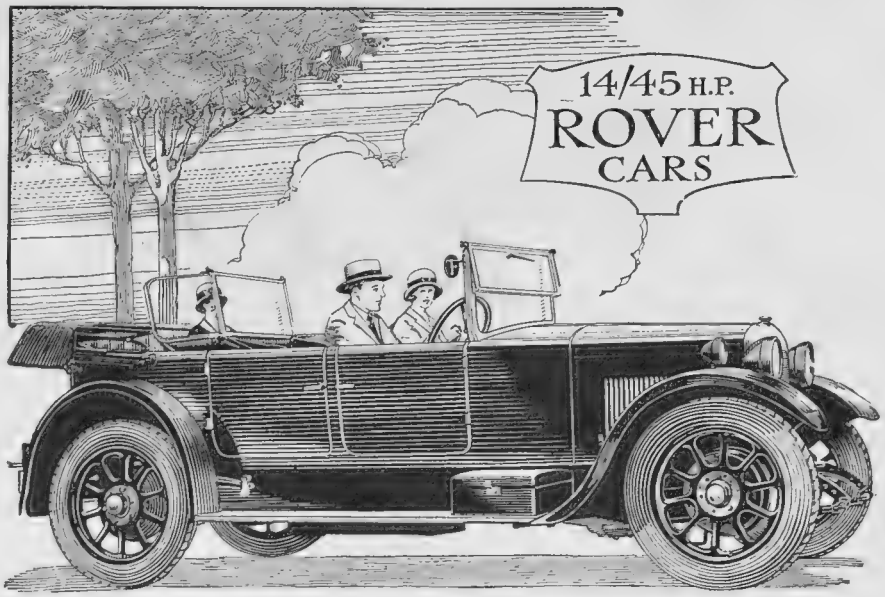

Charms by its smoothness

As sweet in running as a perfect six-cylinder, the engine of the 14/45 h.p. Rover combines with this smoothness all the superior efficiency of the four-cylinder. Body accommodation, too, is not curtailed by the presence of two superfluous cylinders; indeed, you will find few cars of even £18 tax which have as generous accommodation for the passengers as has the £14 tax Rover. Why not try the "Fourteen-Forty-five" before you decide on your next car? We will arrange a trial run with pleasure, or send a catalogue on request.

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SPECIAL EARLY SEASON TERMS.

REGINA FERRAS HOTEL

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30 New Apartments with Bath.

Motor Service for Golf and Sea.

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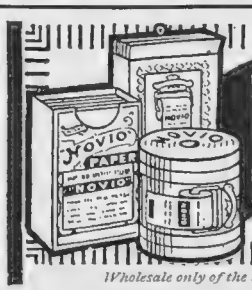

NOVIO

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MONTE CARLO—THE MIRABEAU

SUMMER RESORT. *SEA BATHING.*

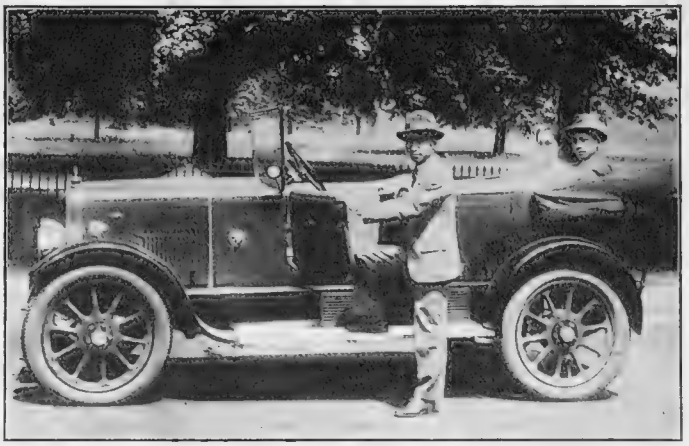
FACING SEA OPEN ALL YEAR

MOTOR NOTES

A BIG scheme is on foot to appoint a chain of garages throughout the country which will be equipped with up-to-date salvage apparatus for dealing with wrecked cars. As each garage is appointed its name will be put on an official register, which will be placed at the disposal of the police and road authorities. In the event of an accident, the nearest garage on the register will be rung up and a car will soon arrive with the latest wrecking equipment. This organization is known as the H.F. Motor Salvage Corps. It is recommended that the break-down gear, besides the usual hand tools, should include a wrecking crane, a towing ambulance and a towing bar. This scheme should do much to facilitate the removal of wrecked cars from the road.

***

I HAVE always had a particular affection for the Lancia "Lambda," that speedy little 13.9 h.p. Italian car, with its unconventional construction and its extremely good performance on the road. When I heard that a slight modification had been made in the chassis, namely, the provision of fourth speed, I was very anxious to try the new model. This was soon arranged, and I spent a perfectly delightful day with the new car. Although it is difficult to believe it, the extra gear fitted has made a remarkable difference in the performance of the car. Top gear is the same as heretofore, but third and second are respectively slightly higher and lower than the previous second speed. The "Lambda" thus retains its excellent hill-climbing capabilities on top speed, while the well-chosen third gear allows of faster acceleration and a better performance on the steeper hills. During part of my run I visited Brooklands track, and although the car was comparatively new and had not received its final tuning, it easily attained 73 m.p.h. on the level. As regards hill climbing from a standing start, the "Lambda" went over the top of the Brooklands test hill at 21 m.p.h., an excellent performance for a car of this horse-power.



THE "OVERLAND" OVERSEAS

His Highness Sayo On-kya, the Kyemmong of Hsipaw, the heir to the reigning chief of the San States. He is seen with his car, a new Overland de-Luxe Touring model

***

I AM asked to announce that the vendors of the popular Dodge car in this country have recently changed their address. The new address is Messrs. Dodge Brothers (Britain), Ltd., Willesden Lane, Park Royal, Acton, N.W. 10, to which all enquiries should be addressed.

***

THE great 100-mile race held at Brooklands on August Bank holiday was chiefly remarkable for the number of retirals which took place. The first three cars went through non-stop, and there were several others still running when the track was closed, but a large number of cars developed trouble and had to retire. Tyres caused a certain amount of delay, while mechanical troubles supervened in several cars. One driver was forced to retire owing to part of his silencer carrying away, thus infringing the track regulations, but the amusing thing was that a sister car, strictly conforming to the regulations, was making considerably more noise than the car which had to retire.

GEORGE C. STEAD

BY APPOINTMENT TO THEIR MAJESTIES AND TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

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Racing Umbrella, pigskin covered crook, plated gold pencil and band, best English silk .. 85/-
Do. do. do. Lady's 77/-
"The Perfect" (pat.) Sporting Seat, pigskin hammock, detachable disc. In two sizes .. 45/-
Do. do. Umbrella 75/-
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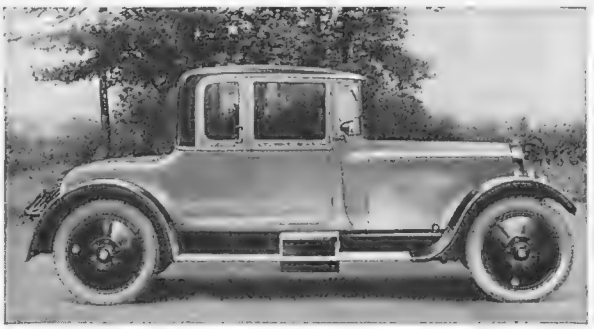
PRE-EMINENT AMONG THE WORLD'S FINEST CARS



21 h.p. 6-cylinder Fixed Head Coupé.

A TRIAL run in a Lanchester "Twenty-One" will convince you that there is no other Car quite like it. The smooth and unfaltering acceleration holds a seductive charm, and there is sheer joy in the lightness of steering. The flexibility of the powerful but silent running engine is surprising, and, combined with Lanchester Patent Four-Wheel Brakes, enables high speeds to be maintained with safety. We shall be pleased to arrange a run at your convenience. Will you make an appointment ?

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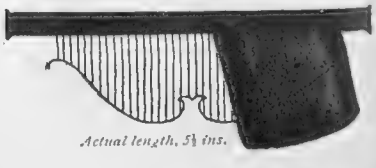

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No. 1,132.—Vol. LXXXVII. Wednesday, August 12, 1925

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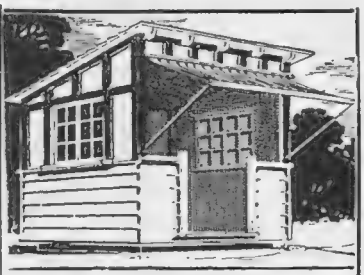

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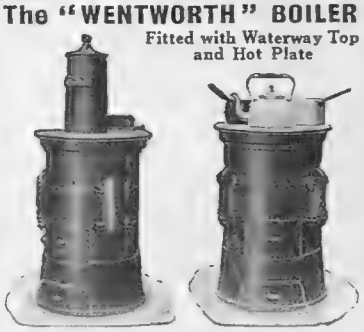

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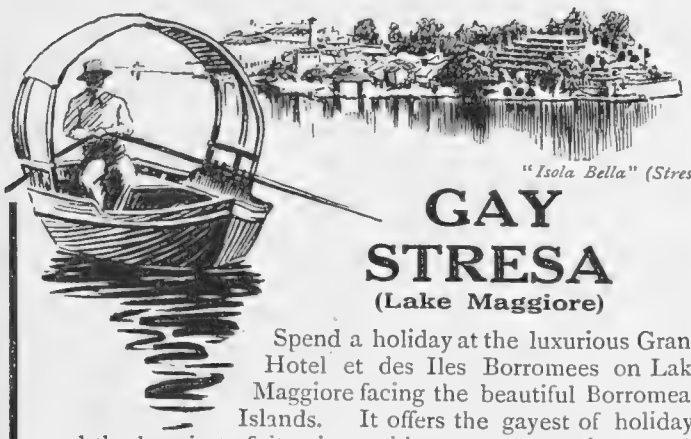

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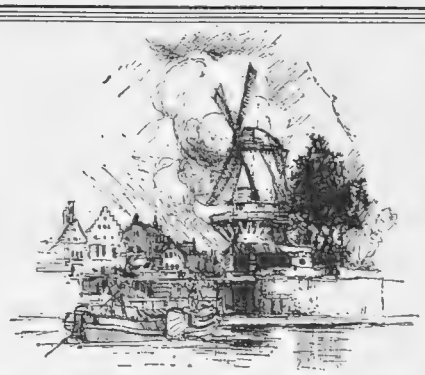

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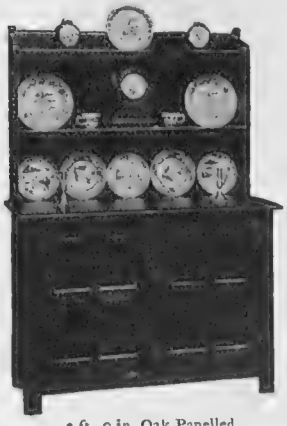

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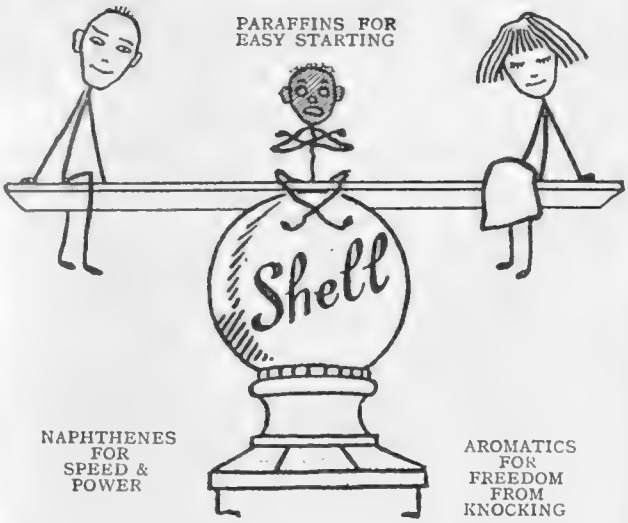

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Reptiles and Rodents

AMONG the many strange fancies now incorporated in dress schemes is lizard skin. Shoes of this delicately marked little reptile's skin are selling as fast as they can be produced, and they are commanding a price, too; that is to say, in the finer qualities which are supple as well as stout, a pair of well-cut shoes runs to £4 and £5. There are, however, cheaper makes, but the skins are poorer and stiffer.

The natural grey shade with its fine markings looks especially well worn with the new greens—hunter or empire, the grey mixture tweeds and schemes of black and grey.

And now *couturières* are equally obsessed by the decorative value of lizard, and are employing it for collar and cuffs on coats and coat frocks, belts and bindings, in fact, any and everything that appeals to their artistic eye, not only in the natural shades but dyed to match or contrast with materials. Add to these hand-bags and vanity cases, umbrella handles, etc., and you arrive at an industry that seems perilously near exterminating a species which already is hard put to it to keep a whole skin.

Similarly with rodents, which are wondrously disguised as furs. Nothing is safe, nowadays, that comes into the realms of dress.

Figure Culture

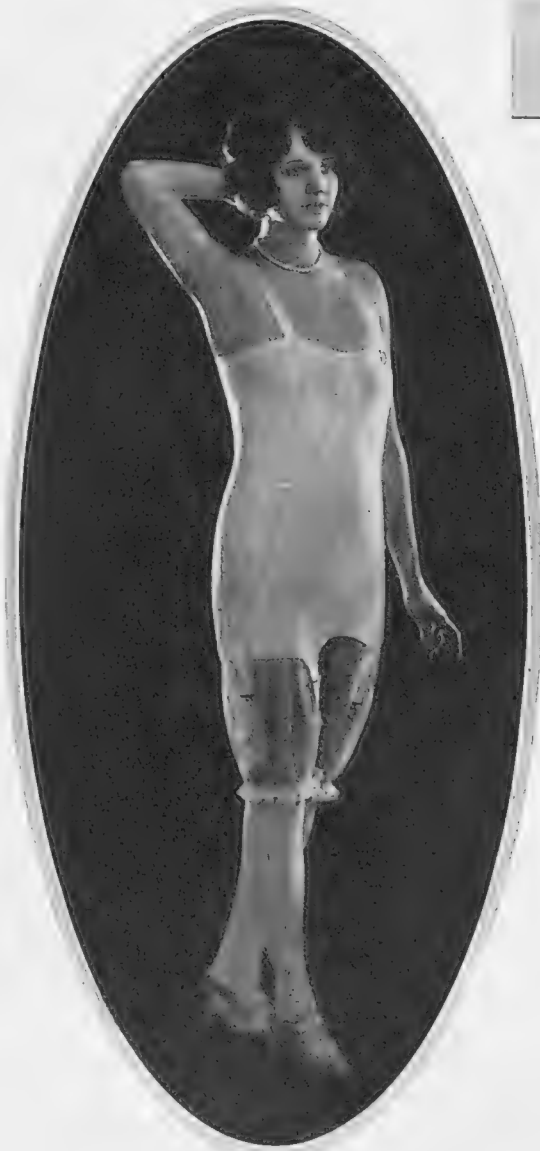
THERE is something very significant in the Gossard corset firm holding a Press and trade display of their new season's models at the end of July, an event that took place at Argyll House, Regent Street, on two afternoons, and was well attended by those keen on figure culture.

The two salient features of the many models shown on mannequins are straightness and comfort. The handling of full forms amounts to a really fine art. No woman these days, no matter how large she may be, need be figureless, the long hip, low-built corsets at once subduing the most unruly amount of flesh, and the freedom accorded the top of a Gossard corset allowing for superfluous flesh to drop down without the least discomfort. Cunning little gussets of elastic are inserted in centre front, centre back, at the base, or, indeed, wherever they are required, and the elastic used is a special double-woven quality that gives without stretching and wearing thin.

This is likewise incorporated into many of the Gossard Belvederes, the latest improved belt, which, in many instances, fastens at the side or laces in front, all these models being built just a trifle higher in front than at the back. There are Belvederes for quite heavily-formed women, reinforced by under pieces of elastic for the suspenders. Another extremely clever Gossard invention and patent is invisible boning.

In fact, only those who have personally inspected the new season's models made by this firm have any idea of the understanding and artistry brought to bear on these figure-forming adjuncts.

Another great success is the Gossard Complete—combined *brassière* and belt. The most covetable is Milanese at the top and satin or *broché* below. So yielding and soft are these they can be crumpled up in one hand. The firm, too, make a feature of a range of novel sports and dancing belts they have recently designed; these are stepped into feet first, and are cut with a small extension between the legs to keep them in place, as there are no suspenders, either garters being worn or the stockings rolled below the knee. For exhibition dancers they are particularly appropriate, and are frequently worn with silk tights; but it is safe to say that every single requirement and demand is met in the Gossard range, and all are stocked by the leading retail establishments.



THE CARE OF THE FIGURE

A beautiful Longerlyne combination of fancy brocade with silk tricot top, made by the British H. W. Gossard Co., Ltd., of 168, Regent Street, W. 1. There is a section of brocade in front, narrow at the top, and sloping to a greater width, forming a diaphragm control

FOR DANCING TIME

An attractive dance frock of shaded mist grey chiffon allied to flesh pink, the sash being of a deeper shade. The whole is mounted over a slip of pink satin

Original design by Betty Nisbet

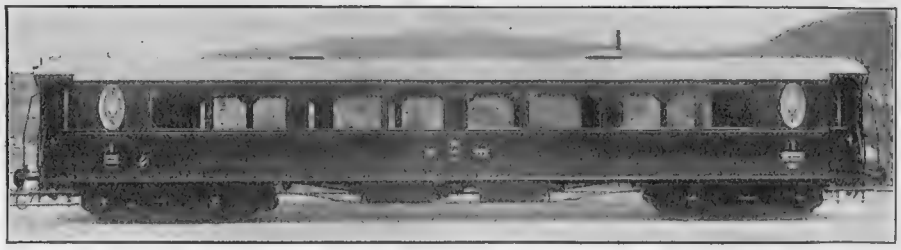
The Intriguing Dance Dress

NOW that we have successfully got away—and, it is to be hoped sincerely, for some long time—from the straight chemise type of dance dress, modistes are letting themselves go, and are using their imagination in the fashioning and mounting of panels, inserting of flares, and the mingling of colours. Where they are restricted, however, is in the bodices. Nothing will induce these to change or be other than simple and rather severe, the backs having a tendency to define the figure slightly more than the fronts.

Another point to be chronicled in this connection is that chiffon is preferred to georgette. The flowered chiffons of summer have proved so wholly attractive in their delicate fragility that we are loth to part

with so charming an impression. It is possible, though, to use quite a lot of chiffon without any heavy appearance, which helps to the solidity of the frock.

The colour schemes are particularly alluring, and it is one of these that is portrayed in the sketch on page ix, in which shaded mist grey chiffon is allied to flesh pink, the whole mounted over a slip of pink satin, a rather deeper shade being chosen for the *faille* sash.

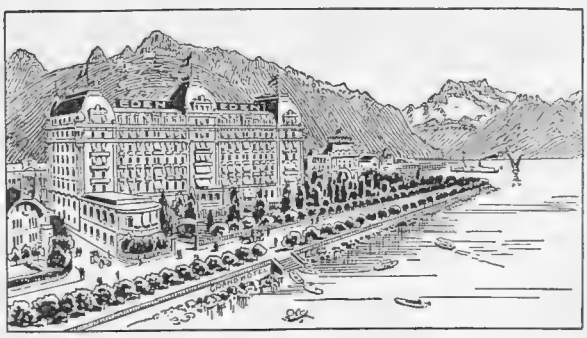


TRAVEL DE LUXE

One of the fine new Saloon cars which have been introduced lately on the Swiss Federal Railways

The Family Exodus

I HAD occasion to meet the Cornish Riviera express from Cornwall the other day, and it was nearly empty, whereas the morning outgoing train had been run in two or three portions. The streets are full of streams of omnibuses full of excited children, demure nurses, and fathers and mothers doing the heavy rôle, all bent on holiday-making. The Continental services, apparently, are particularly busy, and in these a large part is played by Innovation trunks and those new expanding suitcases. The latter are said by those that have used them to be excellent. They can be filled to repletion without bulging or losing their shape, though it is the rarest exception nowadays to see untidy luggage. Neat, compressed canvas trunks and hat-boxes following in mass formation are so similar in size and character that it saves much trouble, time, and anxiety if bands of some distinctive colour are painted round, with harmonising labels.



IN SWITZERLAND

The Grand Hotel Eden, one of the finest and largest establishments in Montreux. It is ideally situated by the lake and is close to the Kursaal

When in Paris

Paris in the summer can be the most delectable of spots—always provided, of course, one knows the pleasantest and most comfortable places at which to stop. One of the most charming of Paris hotels is the Royal Monceau Hôtel on the Avenue Hoche, in a splendid position close to the Arc de Triomphe. All the bedrooms overlook the hotel gardens or the quiet Avenue Hoche, and, be it noted, the terms are very moderate.

Ciro's New Branch

The originators of Ciro Pearls are extending their activities, owing to the ever-growing popularity of their products. They lately opened a new showroom at the well-known establishment of Messrs. Suitzers in Grafton Street, Dublin. This opening synchronised with the great social event of the year—the Dublin Horse Show.

Railway Rates and Food Prices

The Great Western Railway have lately issued a pamphlet which deals with the relation of railway rates to food prices. This pamphlet, which is reprinted from the *Great Western Railway Magazine* for June, gives statistics which prove that railway rates are not responsible for fluctuations in food prices, and sets out in a clear and interesting manner the railway's attitude in the whole question of rates.

An Ideal Holiday Present

A Mason Pearson Brush is the most practical of presents and one which gives lasting satisfaction and pleasure. It appeals to everyone, boy or girl, man or woman.

Ask anyone who uses a Mason Pearson. They will tell you how delightfully it brushes and cleanses the hair, revitalizes the scalp, and imparts a lustre to the hair such as no other brush can.

Owing to the strong wild-boar bristles built up on spired tufts through a pneumatic rubber cushion pad, it gently smooths the hair without disturbing the "waves."

If you use a Mason Pearson there's someone you know who would be delighted to have one, too. On the other hand, if you have not yet experienced the delight of a Mason Pearson Brush, why not treat yourself to one?

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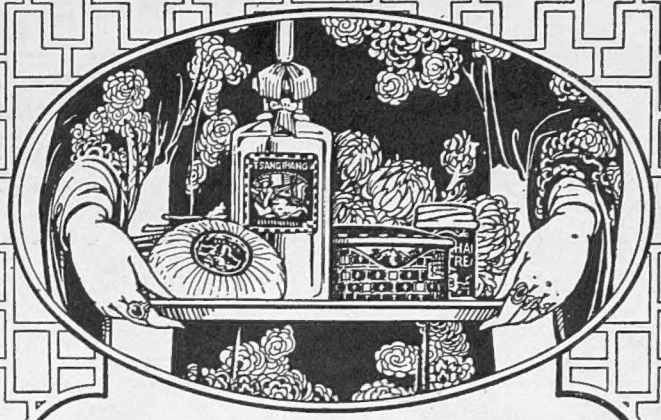

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FACE POWDER & TOILET CREAM
ensure a perfect complexion.

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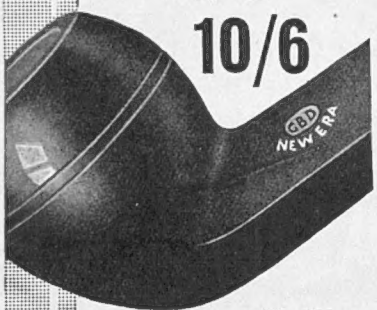
GBD NEW ERA 10/6



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THE TOMATO SEASON

TOMATO SOUP TOMATOES EN SURPRISE
TOMATO FRITTERS (A SAVOURY)
TOMATOES AND ONIONS RIPE TOMATO CHUTNEY

Tomato Soup

Two pounds of sliced tomatoes, one quart of stock, one onion, a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, 2 oz. of crushed tapioca, 1 oz. of butter. Slice the tomatoes, remove the pips, and put the former in a stewpan with the butter and other ingredients; stew till tender, rub through a sieve, remove the onion and herbs. Heat the stock, sprinkle in the tapioca, cook till clear, then add the tomato purée, season and serve very hot.

Tomatoes en Surprise

Peel some rather large and round tomatoes of even size, put them on ice for a short time, if possible, and when firm cut them in halves and scoop out the contents. Lay in each tomato a fresh uncooked egg, without breaking, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and a good spoonful of rich, white sauce and the same of grated cheese. Put in a hot oven for about five minutes till the egg is set.

Tomato Fritters (A Savoury)

Take about six medium-sized tomatoes, cut out the little core at the top. Cut in halves, and cook them in a tin in the oven in butter for about ten minutes. Take them out and put them aside. Have a batter made of 1 oz. of flour, into which stir the stiffly-whipped white of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, about half a teaspoonful of very finely-chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a little salt and white pepper. Stir these well together in a basin, and put each piece of tomato in the batter until well coated with it. Have some boiling lard in a frying-pan, and fry each fritter until a golden brown. Take out of the pan, shake some grated cheese over each, and send up to table very hot. This is a delicious savoury. The quantities quoted will make twelve fritters.

Tomatoes and Onions

One pound of onions, ½ lb. of tomatoes, 1½ ozs. of butter, 2 ozs. of bread crumbs and a sprinkling of pepper. Peel and slice the onions, cut them about half an inch thick, throw them into plenty of cold, salted water, and bring them quickly to boiling point and let them boil gently for twenty minutes. Put the tomatoes in fast-boiling water for a few seconds when the skin can be removed easily. Slice them. Butter an enamel-lined dish, and put a layer of onions at the bottom. Now put the tomatoes over them and the remainder of the onions on the top. Dust a little pepper over each layer. Cover the onions with the bread-crumbs and place pieces of butter over the dish. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven.

Ripe Tomato Chutney

To every ½ lb. of pulp allow one gill of vinegar, ¼ oz. each of salt, black pepper, and garlic, ½ oz. of chopped shallot, as much cayenne as will lie on a threepenny piece, and the juice of a large lemon. Put the tomatoes into a baking dish, and cook in the oven till they are soft, then rub through a sieve. Measure the pulp and other ingredients, and put them all (except the lemon juice) into an enamel-lined pan. Cook slowly for half an hour, then strain again. Add the lemon juice and cook (if possible using a double saucepan) for six hours. It will then be a delicious seedless chutney, of the consistency of thick cream. When quite cold, bottle and store for further use.

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THE simplicity of its use, together with the wonderful way it beautifies the skin and induces a lovely clear complexion, commends 'EASTERN FOAM' alike to the Stage and Screen Star and to every girl or woman mindful of her appearance. Just a little gently massaged into the skin night and morning and after washing will keep your skin always in perfect condition.

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.